CRACKAJACK Funnies

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OCTOBER
No. 40

CYCLONE

THE CRUSOES

ELLERY QUEEN

FLYING FORTRESS

AND MANY OTHER
EXCITING FEATURES


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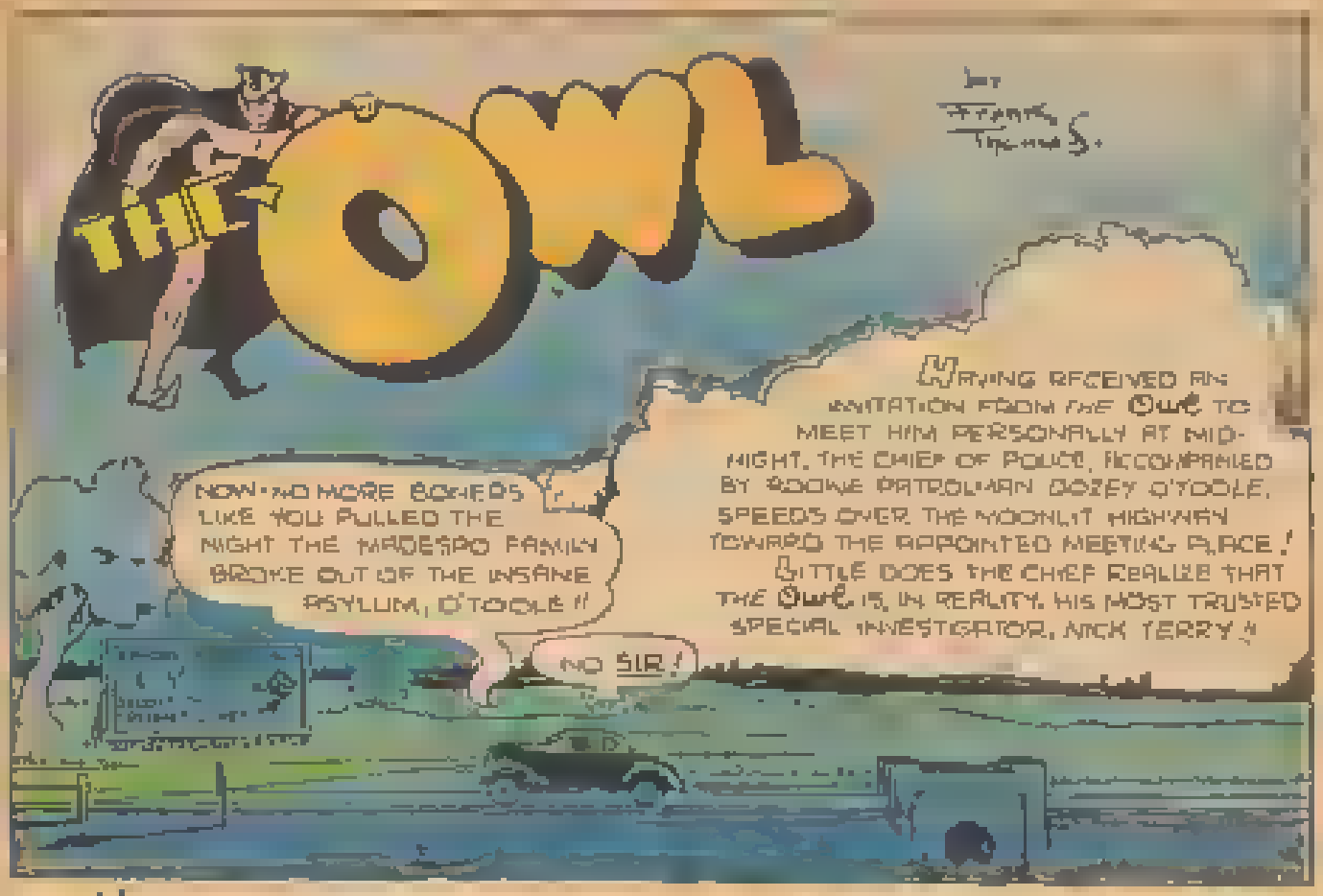
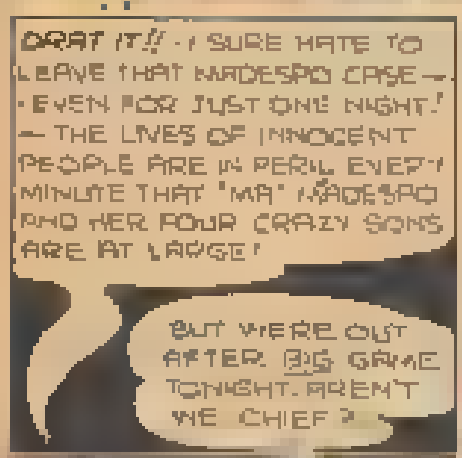
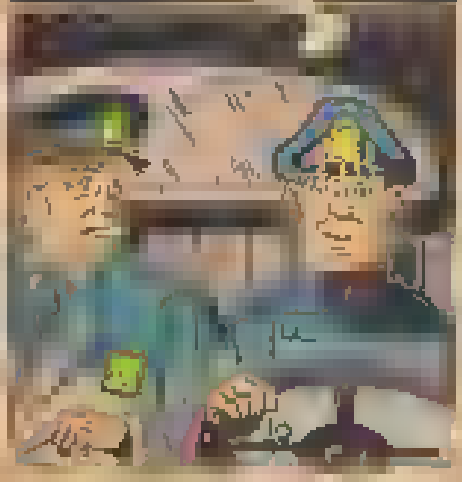

THE OWL
BY FRANK THOMAS
HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION FROM THE OWL TO MEET HIM PERSONALLY AT MIDNIGHT, THE CHIEF OF POLICE, ACCOMPANIED BY ROOKIE PATROLMAN DOZEY O'TOOLE, SPEEDS OVER THE MOONLIT HIGHWAY TOWARD THE APPOINTED MEETING PLACE!
LITTLE DOES THE CHIEF REALIZE THAT THE OWL IS, IN REALITY, HIS MOST TRUSTED SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, NICK TERRY!
NOW - NO MORE BONEHEADS LIKE YOU PULLED THE NIGHT THE MADESPO FAMILY BROKE OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, O'TOOLE!!
NO SIR!

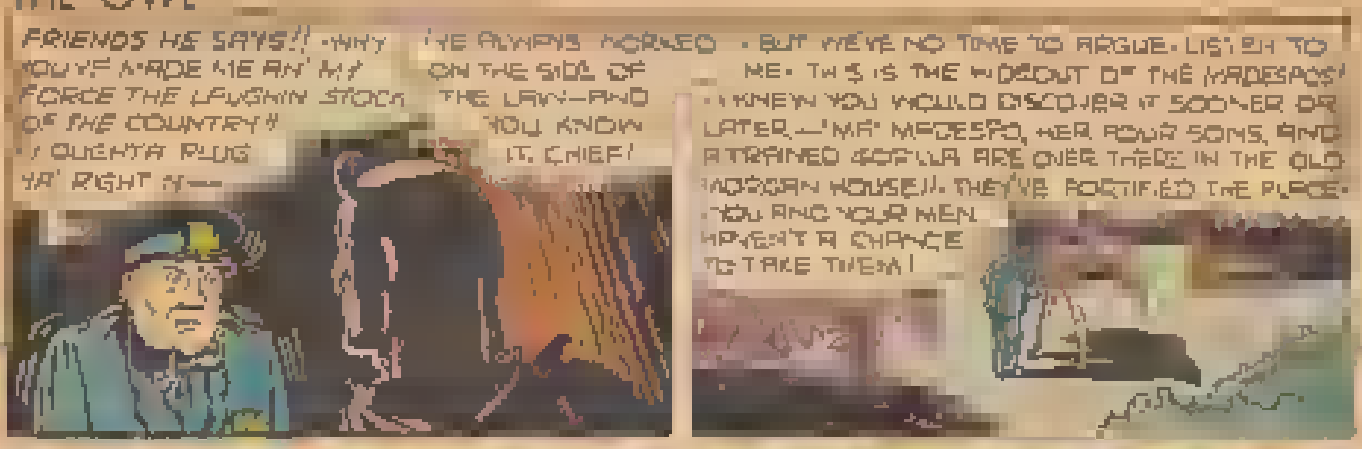

DRAT IT!! - I SURE HATE TO LEAVE THAT MADESPO CASE - - EVEN FOR JUST ONE NIGHT! - THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE IN PERIL EVERY MINUTE THAT "MA" MADESPO AND HER FOUR CRAZY SONS ARE AT LARGE!
BUT WE'RE OUT AFTER BIG GAME TONIGHT, AREN'T WE CHIEF?

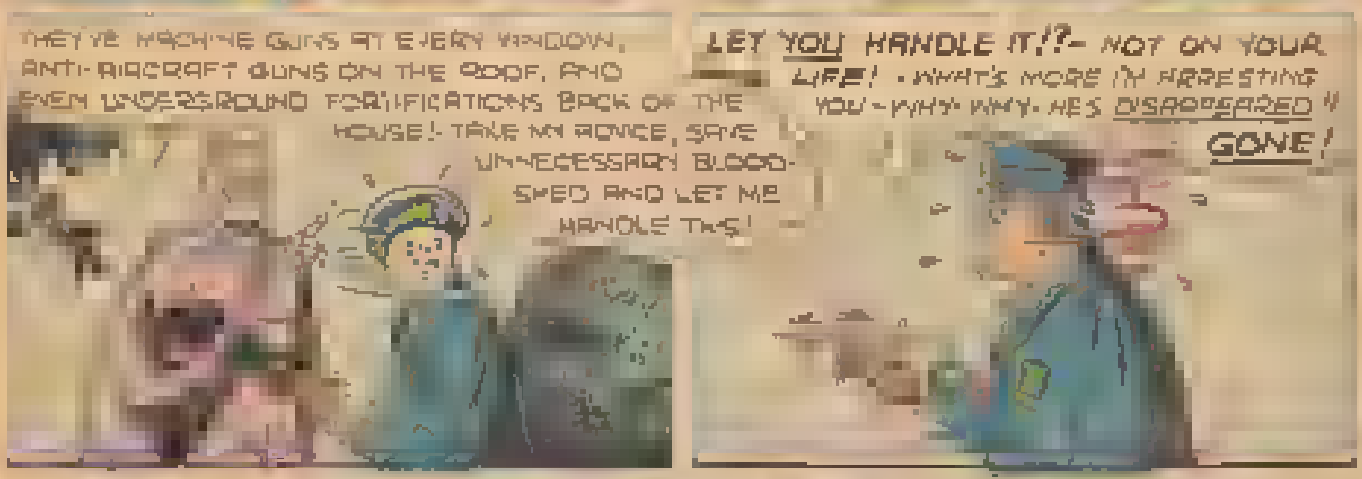



YEH! - THE NERVE OF THAT CURSED OWL - SENDIN' ME A NOTE DARIN' ME TO MEET HIM!! - HE'S MADE MONKEYS OUT OF THE POLICE FORCE FOR THE LAST TIME! TONIGHT I'LL CAPTURE HIM AN - HIM!
- THERE'S THE OLD MORGAN PLACE, O'TOOLE! - SLOW DOWN AND TURN OFF YER LIGHTS!


- WE'LL WALK FROM HERE IN - - THE OWL SAID WE'D BE AT THE FORK OF THE CREEK BACK OF THE OLD MORGAN MANSION - S'SAY - IT'S AWFUL QUIET IN H HERE, AIN'T IT O'TOOLE?
- YES SIR!


STAY HERE, O'DOOLE - I'M GOIN' ON ALONE - I'LL BE BETTER OFF! - YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON THE FORCE THAT HAD NERVE ENOUGH TO COME WITH ME - BUT I THINK YOU'RE JUST TOO DUMB TO BE SCARED!
WHAT?
I SURE WISH NICK TERRY WAS WITH ME - WHY DOES HE ALWAYS HAVE TO BE OUT OF TOWN AT TIMES LIKE THIS?!
I'LL SHOW THE OWL THAT I CAN WORK ALONE JUST LIKE HE DOES! - HERE'S THE FORK OF THE CREEK - NOW WHERE IS THE OWL?
JUST ONE-HALF MINUTE MORE TIL MIDNIGHT!
WHO-OO-HOO-OO-OO
Y!! - WHAT'S THAT?!
WHEW! - JUST A BIRD OF SOME KIND!
I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU'RE ON TIME CHIEF!
IT'S HIM — IT'S YOU! IT'S
- IT'S THE OWL! - YES, CHIEF — PUT AWAY YOUR SHOOTING IRON - I'M YOUR FRIEND!


FRIENDS HE SAYS!! - WHY YOU'VE MADE ME AN' MY FORCE THE LAUGHIN STOCK OF THE COUNTRY!!
I OUGHTA PLUG YA' RIGHT IN—
I'VE ALWAYS WORKED ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW—AND YOU KNOW IT, CHIEF!
- BUT WE'VE NO TIME TO ARGUE. LISTEN TO ME. THIS IS THE HIDEOUT OF THE MADESPAS! - I KNEW YOU WOULD DISCOVER IT SOONER OR LATER.—MR. MADESPA, HER FOUR SONS, AND A TRAINED GORILLA ARE OVER THERE IN THE OLD MORGAN HOUSE!! - THEY'VE FORTIFIED THE PLACE. - YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO TAKE THEM!


THEY'VE MACHINE GUNS AT EVERY WINDOW, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ON THE ROOF, AND EVEN UNDERGROUND FORTIFICATIONS BACK OF THE HOUSE! - TAKE MY ADVICE, SAVE UNNECESSARY BLOOD-SHED AND LET ME HANDLE THIS!
LET YOU HANDLE IT!?- NOT ON YOUR LIFE! - WHAT'S MORE I'M ARRESTING YOU - WHY - WHY - HE'S DISAPPEARED!! GONE!


TO RETURN TO OFFICER O'TOOLE
CHIEF SAID I HAD TO STAY HERE, BUT MEBBE IF I CLIMB UP I CAN GET A LOOK AT THE OWL!!
LE'S SEE NOW—
OOOPS!
CRACK
O'TOOLE! - O'TOOLE! ARE YOU HURT?!
NAW! - LANDED ON MY HEAD!

BUT INSIDE THE OLD MORGAN MANSION, THE NOISE OF O'TOOLE'S FALL REACHES THE KEEN EARS OF THE INSANE MADESPO FAMILY!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

SOMEBODY IS ON THE GROUNDS!

THEY'RE SHOOTIN' FROM THE WINDOWS! — TWO OF 'EM!

IT'S COPS! - LET I'M HAVE IT, MA!

T-A-TAT-T

Y!! - GET DOWN O'TOOLE!

THE OWL WAS RIGHT — THEY GOT MACHINE GUNS! — LISTEN O'TOOLE, WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE CITY AND GET THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE OUT HERE — AN' IF THAT AIN'T ENOUGH, I'LL 'PHONE KITCHELL FIELD AND HAVE THE ARMY AIR CORPS BOMB THE MADESPOS OUT!!

MADESPOS!

SHIFTING OUR SCENE TO THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF NICK TERRY, WE FIND THAT THE ARRIVAL OF BELLE WAYNE, NICK'S FIANCÉE AND ASSISTANT, IS CAUSING TROUBLE FOR SOTO, HIS CHINESE VALET!

- BUT MIST' TERRY DIDN'T SAY OKAY YOU FLY UP THE OWLPLANE!

I CAN'T HELP THAT, SOTO! - I'M TAKING THE OWLPLANE! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME, OR NOT?

THE OWLPLANE IS ROLLED FROM ITS SECRET HANGAR ATOP THE PENTHOUSE!

DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED, SOTO, - I'LL TAKE FULL BLAME IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG - WHICH IT WON'T!

THERE SHE GOES! — IF MIS' BELLE GETS INTO TROUBLE, MIST' TERRY MAKE PLENTY TROUBLE FOR CHINA BOY! - OHH — ME! - TROUBLE DOUBLE!

MISTER NICK TERRY THE OWL HAS A NERVE! - TELLING ME HE'S FOUND THE MADESPOS AT THE OLD MORGAN MANSION, BUT THAT HE [illegible] TO GET [illegible] FLIGHT — IF THERE'S TO BE ANY FIREWORKS, I'M GOING TO BE IN ON IT — ORDERS OR NO ORDERS!


DON THE OLD ROAD LEADING TO THE MORGAN MANSE IS CHOKED WITH POLICE CARS AND MOTORCYCLES, AS THE CHIEF RETURNS FROM THE CITY WITH HIS MEN!
WE'LL SHOW THE OWL WHETHER WE CAN HANDLE THIS SITUATION OR NOT, EH, O'TOOLE! - I'VE ARRANGED WITH THE ARMY FOR BOMBERS TO BE SENT FROM KITCHELL FIELD!!
BOY!
LEAVE THE CARS HERE, MEN, AND SURROUND THE OLD MORGAN PLACE - THE ARMY BOMBERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE - IF THE BOMBS DON'T GET THE MAD MADESPOS, WE WILL!
FROM THE ROOF OF THE MADESPO HOUSE -
THE CHIEF'S BACK WITH PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE FORCE - NOW THERE'LL BE THE DEUCE TO PAY! - WHY CAN'T WE LISTEN - HSS-SST! - DO I HEAR AIRPLANES?
ARMY BOMBERS! - THE CHIEF HAS GONE CRAZY MAD!! — I HOPE THOSE PILOTS KNOW THAT THE MADESPOS HAVE ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY!!
WHAT'S THIS? - ANOTHER SHIP - A SMALL ONE COMING FROM THE NORTH!
- WHY - IT'S MY OWN - IT'S THE OWLPLANE!! - IT MUST BE BELLE - AND SHE'S FLYING LOW! - BELLE! - GO BACK - GO BACK!! - ANTI-AIRCRAFT!! - OH! - WHAT A MESS!


UNAWARE OF THE DANGEROUS SITUATION, BELLE CIRCLES ABOVE HER OBJECTIVE —
WELL, HERE'S THE OLD MORGAN — SAY !! — ARMY BOMBERS! — I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING ?!
WITH THE ROAR OF PLANES OVERHEAD, THE MADESPOS LOSE NO TIME IN MANNING THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN !!
BOMB US WILL THEY ?! WE'LL SHOW 'EM! HURRY, MY SONS!
HA! — SUCH A NICE LOUD NOISE!
BOOM!
WASN'T THAT PURTY? HA! — NOW FOR THAT LITTLE ONE FLYING LOW!
OH! — ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE! — MUST CLIMB — AND FAST!
BANG
WITH THE SHELLS BURSTING ALL ABOUT HER, BELLE MANEUVERS DESPERATELY, BUT ——
I'M HIT !! OH — NICK — ER —
LIKE A COMET, THE BLAZING OWLPLANE STREAKS EARTHWARD!
HA-HA! — JES' LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS!
BUT HA' LAUGHS TOO SOON — FOR THE ARMY BOMBERS LET LOOSE A DEADLY SALVO ON THE OLD MANSION!


THEY'VE HIT THE HOUSE! - RUN FOR THE BASEMENT WHILE WE CAN! - WE'LL ENTER OUR UNDERGROUND FORTIFICATIONS!
MA! - WE LEFT THE GORILLA CHAINED DOWN HERE!
LET HIM BURN! - THERE'S NO ROOM FOR HIM IN THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER, FINNIGAN! - COME, HELP ME UNLOCK THIS DOOR!
OY, MY SONS, WE ARE SAFE - HA-HA-HA!
'LL TAKE THOSE KEYS, 'HA!
THE OWL!
ALSO YOUR GUN!
HE'S LOCKING THE DOOR!!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
SO! - THEY WERE GOING TO LEAVE YOU TO DIE, EH, OL' BOY? - WELL, WE'LL FOOL 'EM! - HMMM-M! - I CAN USE THAT ROPE HANGING OVER THERE!
HELPLESS WITHOUT YOUR GUNS - AREN'T YOU - YOU MANIACS?
IT'S GETTING SMOKY!! - WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!!
MYSTER GORILLA, YOU CAN BE FRONT ENGINE ON THIS TRAIN!
THE HOUSE IS FALLING!
CRASH

THE OWL


FILLED WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION FOR THE MAN WHO SAVED HIS LIFE, THE GORILLA THINKS ONLY OF THE Owl'S WELFARE!
GET US OUT OF HERE - YOU CRAZY APE!!
WITH THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS Owl IN HIS ARMS, THE GORILLA BATTLES HIS WAY THROUGH THE FLAMES, DRAGGING THE MADESPOS AFTER HIM!
REACHING THE OPEN, THEY MAKE A MAD DASH ACROSS THE FIRELIT CLEARING!!
HALT!
AFTER 'EM MEN!
AFTER A WILD RACE THROUGH THE FOREST, THE GORILLA COMES TO A HALT!!
THANKS, OL' BOY - LET ME DOWN - I'M OKAY NOW - THERE'S THE OWLPLANE!!! P-POOR BELLE!
WHAT'S THIS? - SOMEONE STAGGERS OUT OF THE NEARBY THICKET!
M-MACK! - I'M ALIVE — — I GUESS —
BELLE!! - YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN CLEAR WHEN YOU STRUCK! - THANK HEAVEN! - BUT, WE MUST HURRY OUT OF HERE - I CAN HEAR CHIEF AND THE BOYS GETTING CLOSER! - WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND, TAKE ONE OF THE POLICE CARS AND HIT FOR THE CITY!
- BEHIND YOU! - THAT - - THAT - BEAST!
THAT, FAIR ONE, IS A GORILLA - FEAR HIM NOT, FOR HE IS MY PAL! - I'M GOING TO PIN THIS NOTE ON HIM - THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!
HERE THEY ARE!
WHAT THE -!!!
Dear Chief:
Here are the Madespos - treat the gorilla kindly for he is a nice fellow and - well, somehow, he reminds me of you.
xxx ooo
The Owl
CONTINUED

"LIGHTNING" JIM

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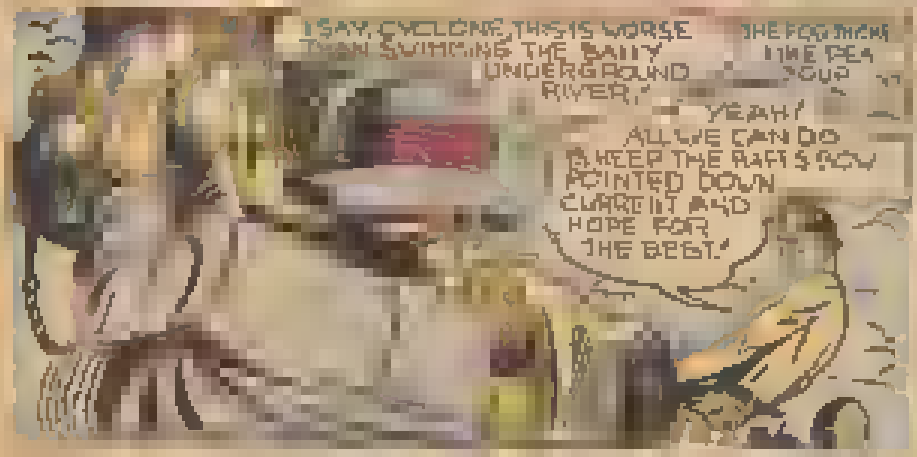
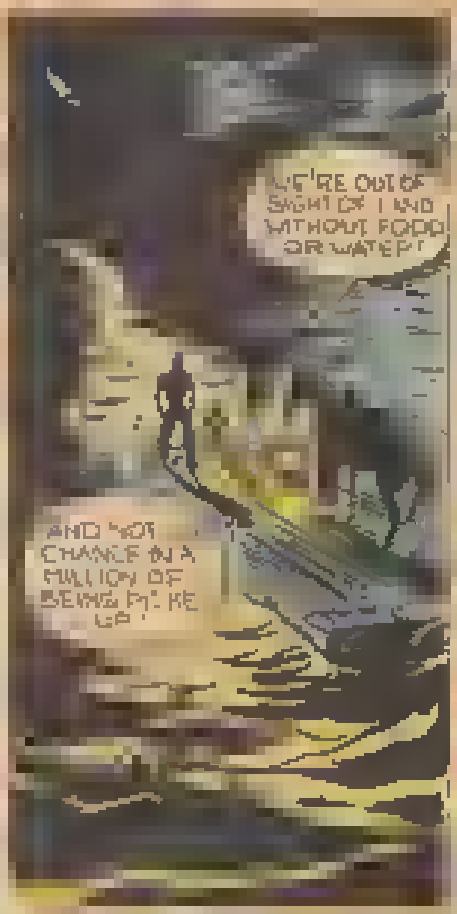
CYCLONE

ESCAPING FROM THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF SMOKING MOUNTAIN, THE "SHOOGRASS EXPEDITION" FINDS AN ABANDONED RAFT. .. WITH CYCLONE AT THE STEERING OAR, THEY DRIVE SWIFTLY DOWNSTREAM TOWARD THE AUSTRALIAN SEACOAST.



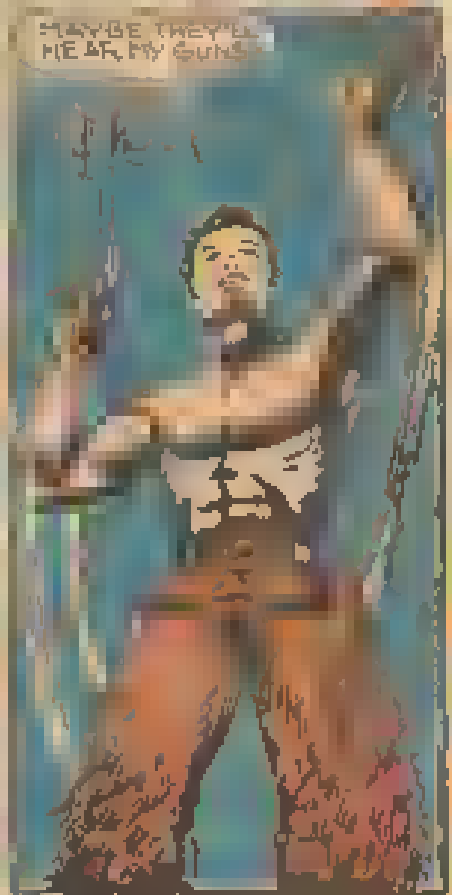

HEY CYCLONE! WE'RE NOT ON THE TRACK!
WE'VE BEEN CARRIED OUT TO SEA!
HOURS LATER THE FOG LIFTS TO REVEAL THE ROLL


WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!
AND NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF BEING PICKED UP!

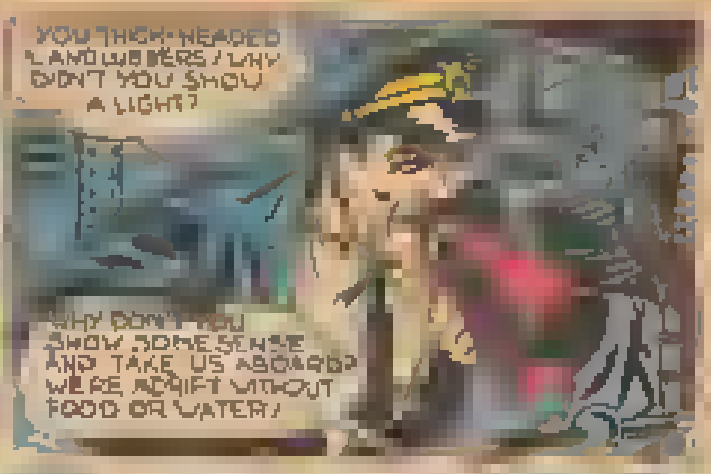

LOOK THERE! A STEAMER IS ON THE HORIZON! WE CAN SIGNAL HER WITH POCKET TORCHES!

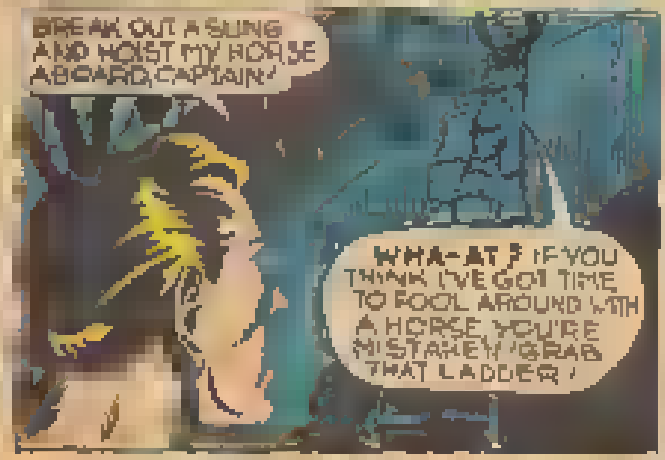

WE CAN'T USE OUR FLASHLIGHTS! THE BATTERIES ARE DEAD!
WE WON'T KEEL IN THE SHIP'S HEADING THE WAY!


CYCLONE! THAT STEAMER HASN'T SEEN US AT ALL! SHE'S GOING TO HIT US!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MIDGE!

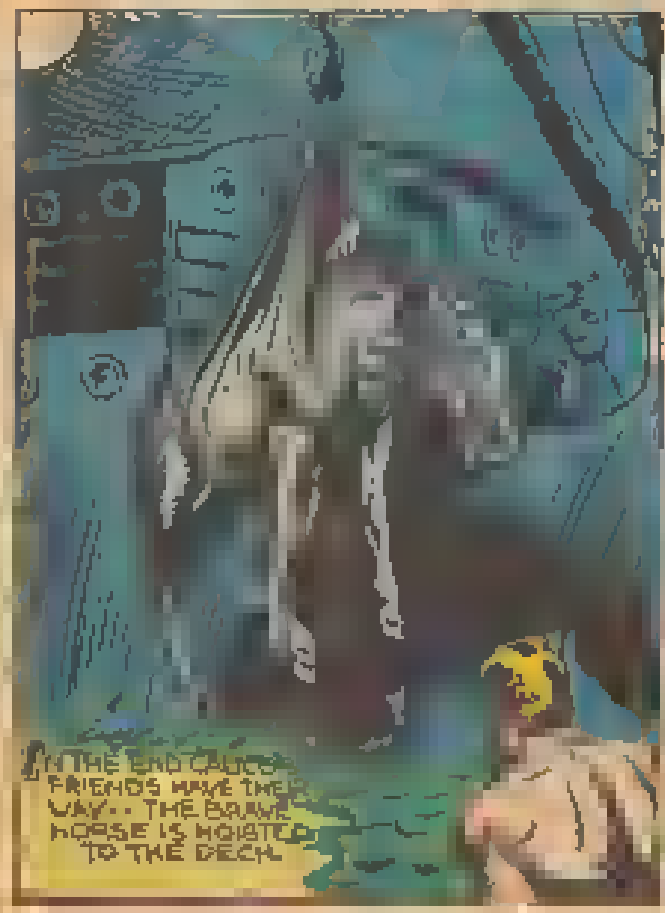

MAYBE THEY'LL HEAR MY GUNS!


THEY DIDN'T TURN? MY SHOTS WERE A PLAIN ENOUGH SIGNAL!
IS AH ENOUGH BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH!

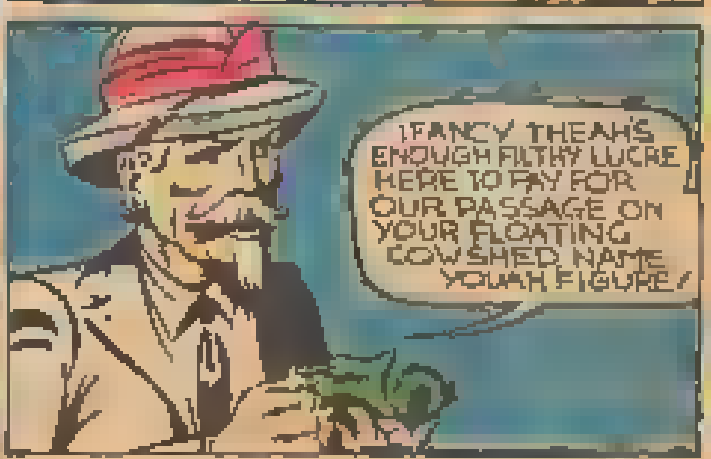

YOU THICK-HEADED LANDLUBBERS! WHY DON'T YOU SHOW A LIGHT?
WHY DON'T YOU SHOW SOME SENSE AND TAKE US ABOARD? WE'RE ADRIFT WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!

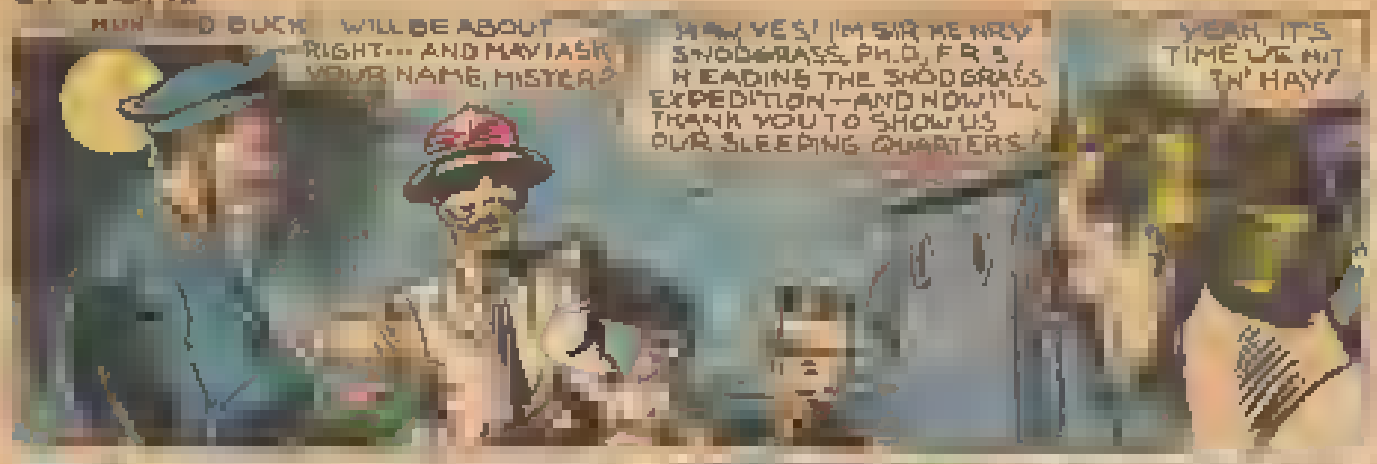

BREAK OUT A SLING AND HOIST MY HORSE ABOARD, CAPTAIN!
WHA-AT? IF YOU THINK I'VE GOT TIME TO FOOL AROUND WITH A HORSE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN! GRAB THAT LADDER!

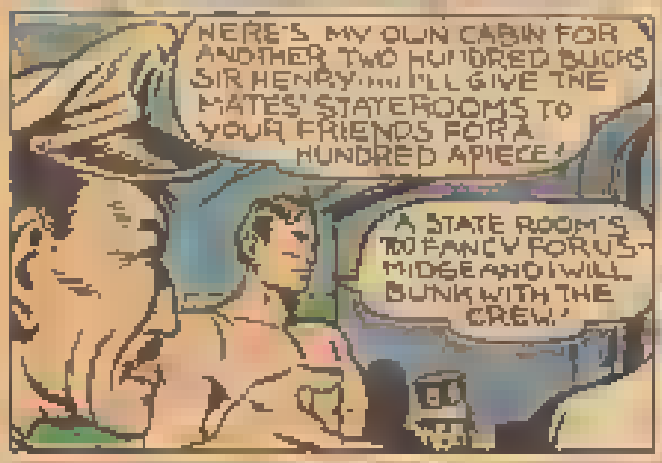

HOLD ON CAPTAIN! CALICO GOES ABOARD BEFORE I DO!
THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! TAKE THE HORSE FIRST OR SHOVE OFF!
MY WORD, YES! WE CAN'T LEAVE CALICO BEHIND!


IN THE END CALICO'S FRIENDS HAVE THEIR WAY.. THE BRAVE HORSE IS HOISTED TO THE DECK


YOU LUBBERS ARE GOING TO WORK YOUR PASSAGE.. AND YOUR HORSE'S TOO! THIS SHIP'S A CATTLE BOAT BUT I HAPPEN TO BE SHORT-HANDED!
A CATTLE BOAT! THAT SUITS ME!
HA! JUST A MOMENT MY GOOD MAN!


I FANCY THEAH'S ENOUGH FILTHY LUCRE HERE TO PAY FOR OUR PASSAGE ON YOUR FLOATING COWSHED NAME YOUAH FIGURE!

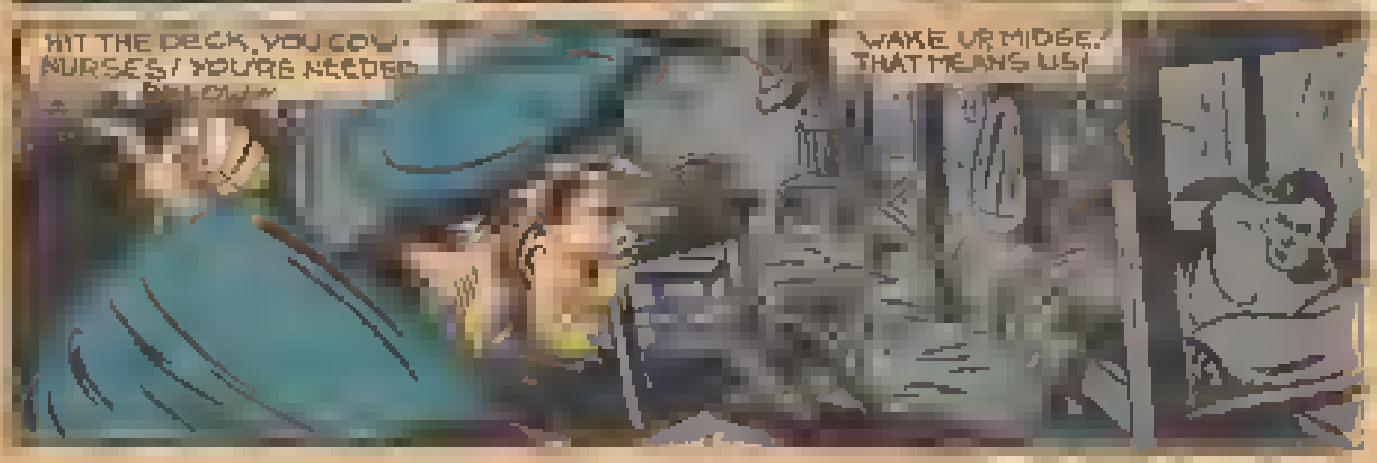

HUN D BUCK WILL BE ABOUT RIGHT... AND MAY I ASK YOUR NAME, MISTER?
HAW, YES! I'M SIR HENRY SNODGRASS, PH.D., F.R.S. HEADING THE SNODGRASS EXPEDITION—AND NOW I'LL THANK YOU TO SHOW US OUR SLEEPING QUARTERS!
YEAH, IT'S TIME WE HIT TH' HAY!


HERE'S MY OWN CABIN FOR ANOTHER TWO HUNDRED BUCKS SIR HENRY... I'LL GIVE THE MATES' STATEROOMS TO YOUR FRIENDS FOR A HUNDRED APIECE!
A STATE ROOM'S TOO FANCY FOR US MIDGE AND I WILL BUNK WITH THE CREW!


CREW' QUARTERS ON A CATTLE BOAT, YOU BIG DOOB! IT SMELLS LIKE A COW BARN!
IT MAKES ME FEEL AT HOME, MIDGE... COWS WERE MY PROFESSION BEFORE I JOINED TH' CREW!

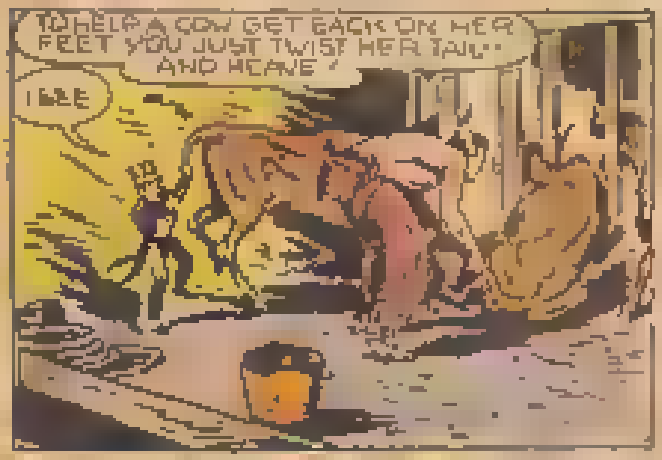

HE CATTLEBOAT RUNS INTO A SUDDEN M
BOOM!

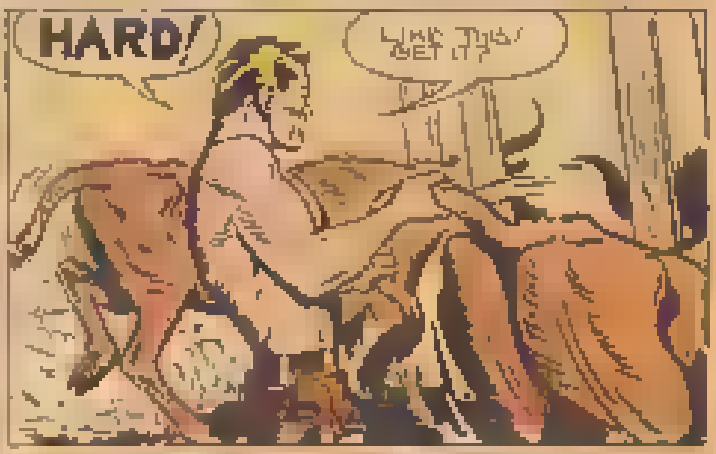

THESE COWS WIL BREAK THEIR LEGS TRYIN TO GET UP WITHOUT HELP SIR
I'LL GO CALL THE MEN OFF WATCH!
THE STORM G HORSE HE CATTLE BE H FALL AND STRU


HIT THE DECK, YOU COW-NURSES! YOU'RE NEEDED BELOW!
WAKE UP MIDGE! THAT MEANS US!

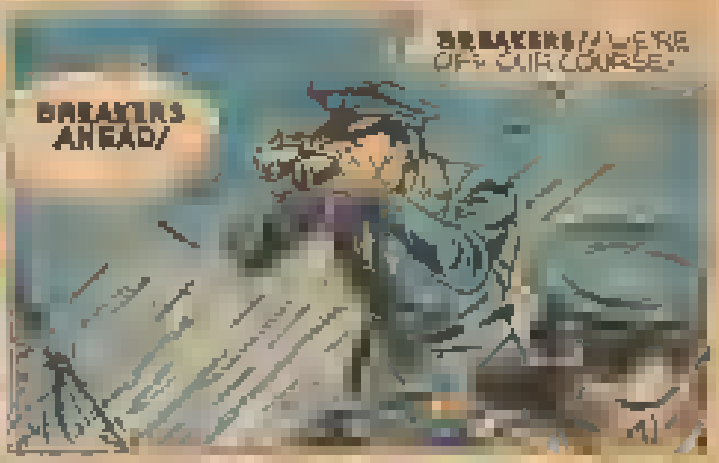
CYCLONE

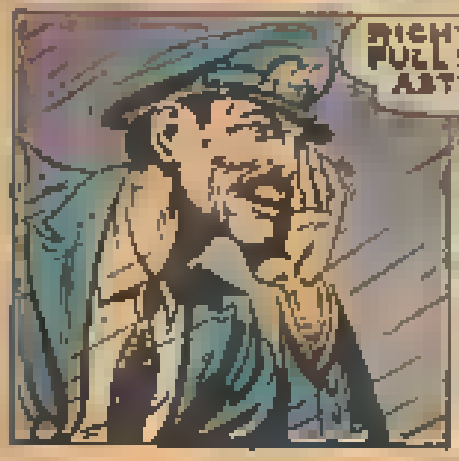

THESE POOR BEEF-CRITTERS SURE NEED HELP! I'LL SHOW YOU AN OLD COWBOY TRICK, MIDGE!
I WISH SOMEBODY'D SHOW ME THE SAILOR TRICK OF WALKING STEADY IN A STORM!


TO HELP A COW GET BACK ON HER FEET YOU JUST TWIST HER TAIL... AND HEAVE!
I SEE


HARD!
WHO, ME? GET IT?


UH-HUH I GOT IT!!!


BREAKERS!!! WE'RE OFF OUR COURSE!
BREAKERS AHEAD!

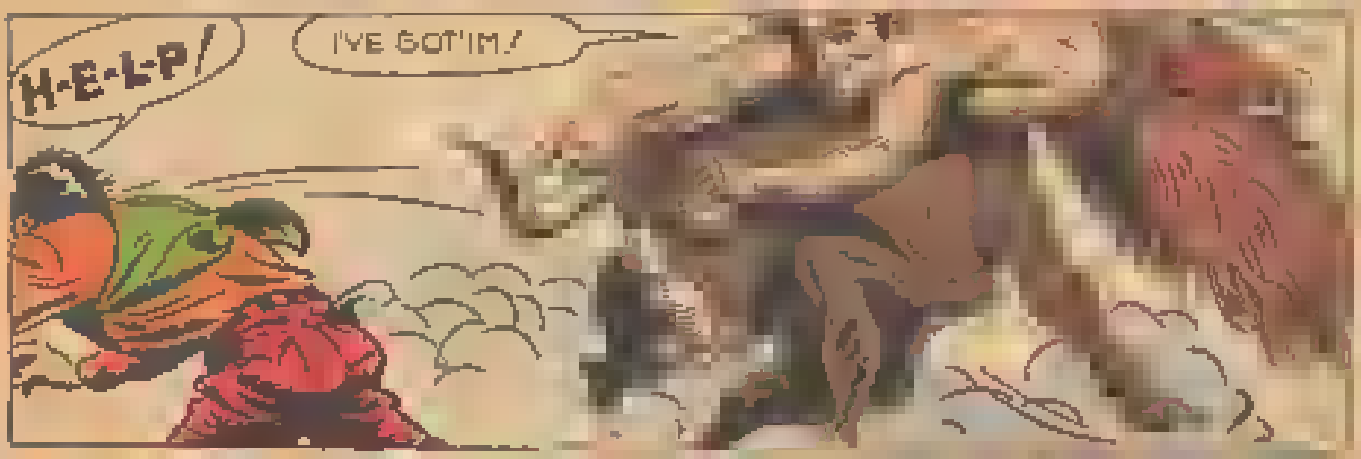

RIGHT RUDDER! FULL SPEED ASTERN!

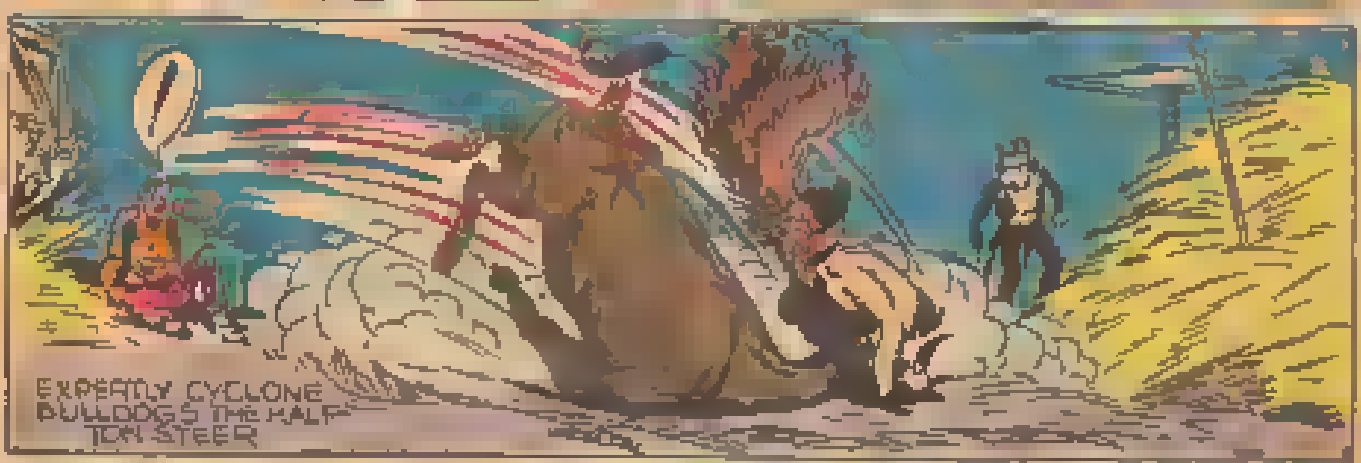

WITH A SHUDDERING CRASH THE STEAMER HITS THE REEF

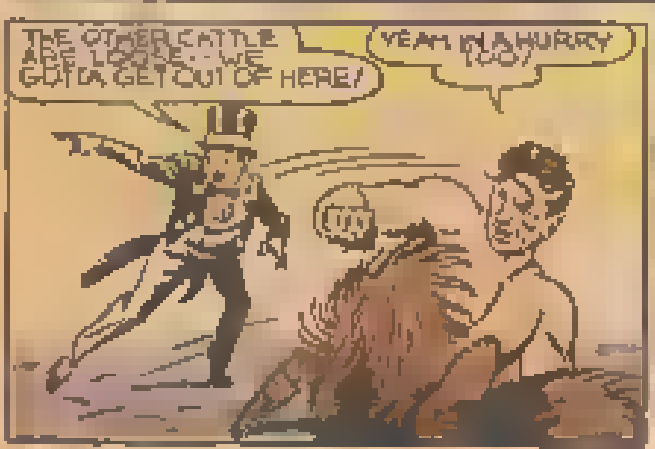
CYCLONE


BELOW DECKS THE SHOCK BREAKS A GREAT BULL'S STANCHION


TEARING LOOSE THE BULL CHARGES A MEMBER OF THE CREW.
H-E-L-P!

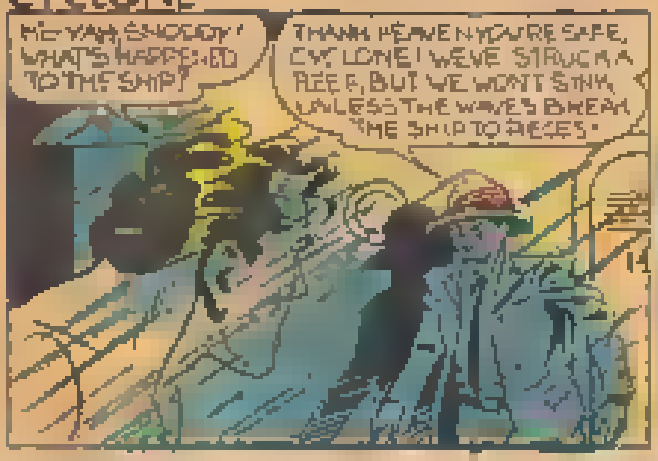

H-E-L-P!
I'VE GOT'IM!

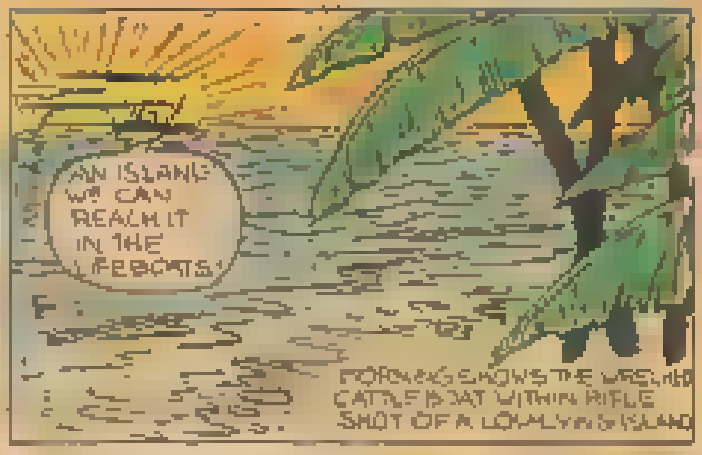

EXPERTLY CYCLONE BULLDOGS THE HALF-TON STEER

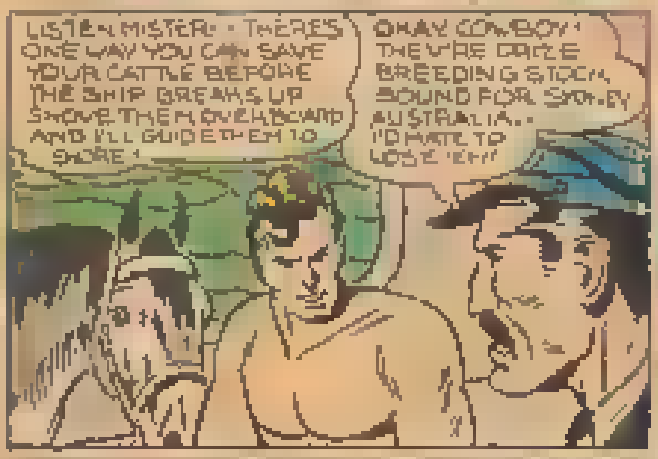

THE OTHER CATTLE ARE LOOSE... WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
YEAH I'M A HURRY TOO!

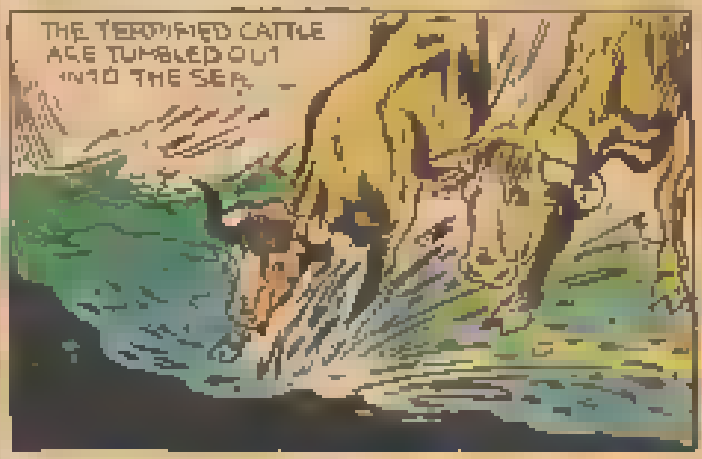

I HOPE ALL THE OTHER BOYS GOT OUT AHEAD OF US!
IF THEY DON'T IT'S TOO LATE TO WORRY ABOUT 'EM! KEEP MOVING THER

CYCLONE

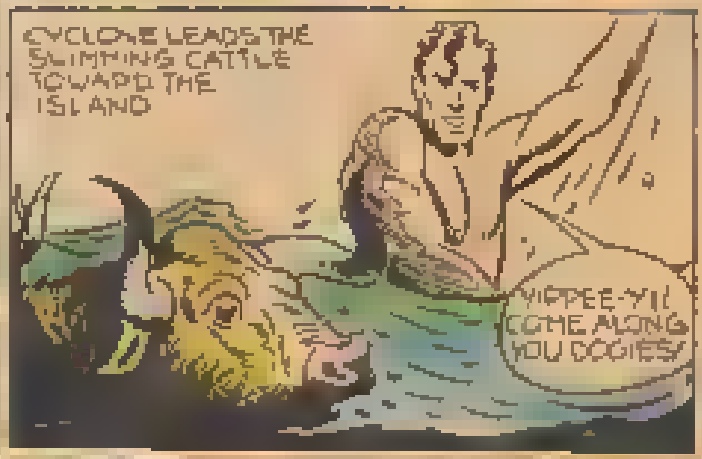

HEY YAW, SHOOGY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE SHIP?
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE, CYCLONE! WE'VE STRUCK A REEF, BUT WE WON'T SINK UNLESS THE WAVES BREAK THE SHIP TO PIECES!


AN ISLAND! WE CAN REACH IT IN THE LIFEBOATS!
FORNAGS SHOWS THE WRECKED CATTLE BOAT WITHIN RIFLE SHOT OF A LOVELY ISLAND


LISTEN MISTER! - THERE'S ONE WAY YOU CAN SAVE YOUR CATTLE BEFORE THE SHIP BREAKS UP. SHOVE THEM OVERBOARD AND I'LL GUIDE THEM TO SHORE!
OKAY COWBOY! THEY'RE PRIZE BREEDING STOCK BOUND FOR SYDNEY AUSTRALIA.. I'D HATE TO LOSE 'EM!!


THE TERRIFIED CATTLE ARE TUMBLED OUT INTO THE SEA.

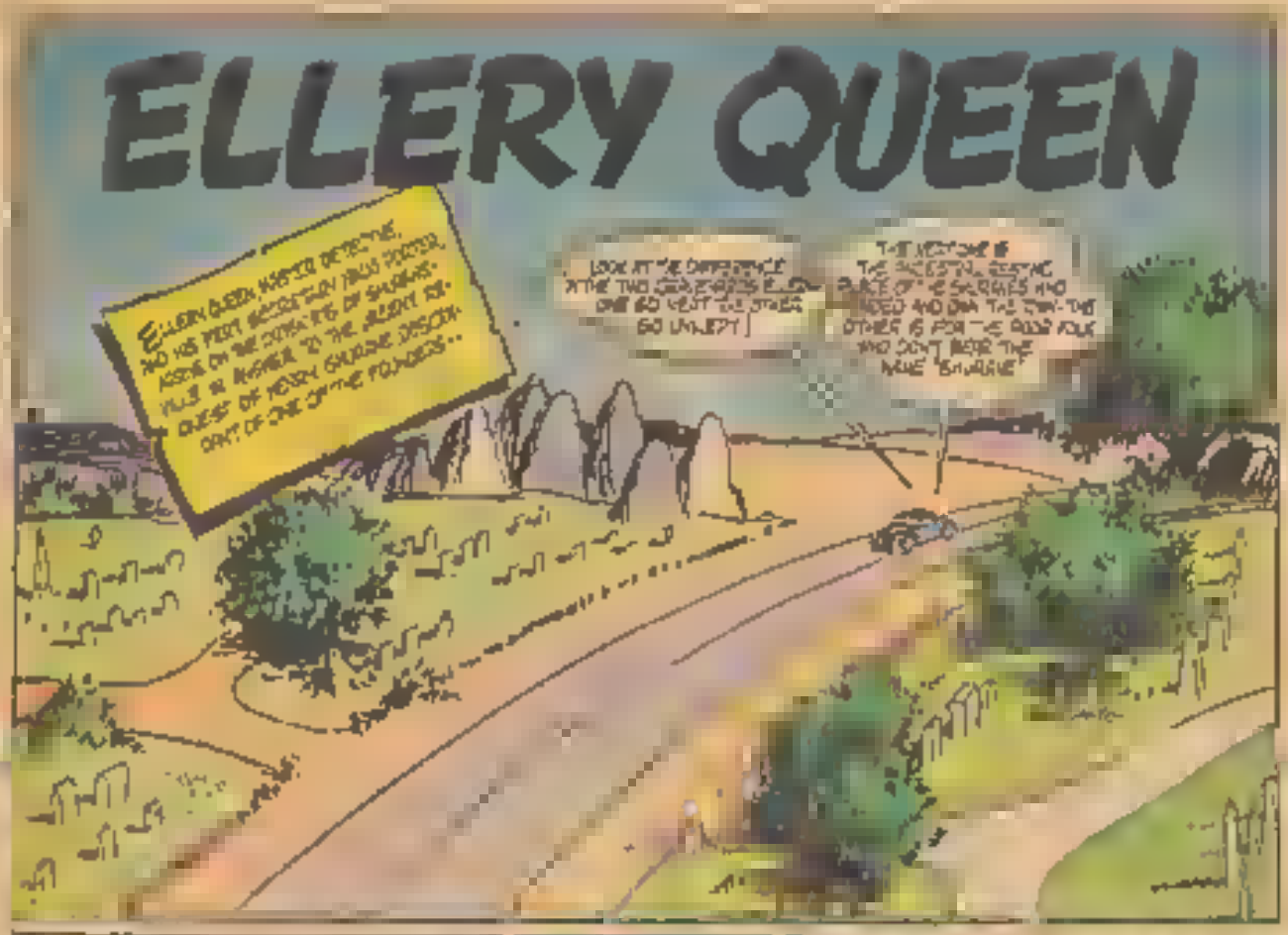

SEE YOU LATER, HIDGE!
WHAT A HORSE!
AND WHAT A MAN!

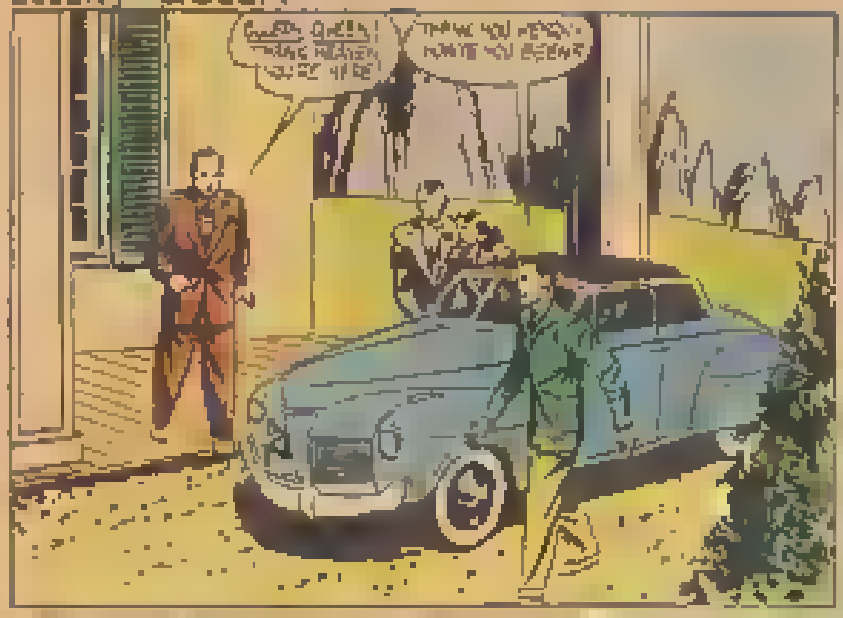

CYCLONE LEADS THE SWIMMING CATTLE TOWARD THE ISLAND
YIPPEE-YI! COME ALONG YOU DOGIES!


FLANKED BY LIFEBOATS, CYCLONE AND THE COWS REACH SHORE.


MIDGE! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEP! IT'S ANOTHER STEAMER HEADING TOWARD THIS ISLAND! THEY MUST HAVE SIGHTED OUR WRECKED CATTLE BOAT!
THEY'RE SENDING A SMALL BOAT ASHORE FOR US!
CYCLONE! IT'S REALLY YOU! I GLIMPSED YOU THROUGH THE SHIP'S TELESCOPE!
SANDY WATERS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HALFWAY TO SAN FRANCISCO!
WE'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU OFF THIS ISLAND BUT WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA!
THANKS, MISTER. MY CREW AND I WILL WAIT HERE WITH THE CATTLE UNTIL A SHIP CAN BE SENT FOR US. YOU CAN RADIO OUR STORY TO SYDNEY.
IF YOUR SHIPS BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA, MISTER, MAYBE YOU'D LET MIDGE AND ME WORK OUR WAY THAT FAR... WE'RE FLAT BUSTED!
WHY, ER... I SUPPOSE...
AW! DON'T BE SILLY, CYCLONE. WHEN I'VE PAID YOUR SALARIES EARNED ON THE SNOOG GRASS EXPEDITION, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY
BUT, SNOODY... I MEAN SIR HENRY! FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IS TEN TIMES WHAT WE EARNED!
SH HH!
NON SENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW! I'VE A HUNDRED THOUSAND HERE IN THE BANK AT SYDNEY... LAKES, I'LL BE GOING ON THE NEXT CATTLE BOAT!
SO LONG, SNOODY! WE'VE GOT TO SWIM OUT TO THE SHIP!
SO LONG, PARTNER! AND I SAY... PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOME DAY! WHO KNOWS?
YES... WHO KNOWS? BUT SOUTH AMERICA IS A LONG WAY FROM AUSTRALIA AND CYCLONE AND MIDGE MEET STRANGE EXPERIENCES
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

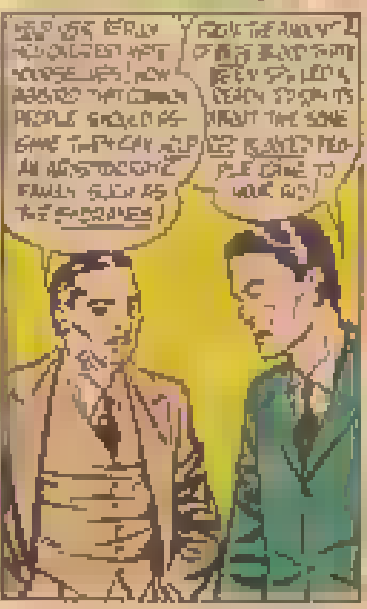
ELLERY QUEEN




QUEEN! QUEEN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE!
THANK YOU HEAVEN! HOW'RE YOU BEEN?


IT'S BEEN GREAT, ELLERY! WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S COMING TO ONE NEXT! YOU'LL MUST EXPLAIN THIS TERRIBLE MESS!
I'LL DO MY BEST, HEAVEN! THERE IS MUCH PROTOCOL IN SOCIETY!
YOU DO YOUR BEST! I HOPE WE CAN HELP YOU WE SHOULD!

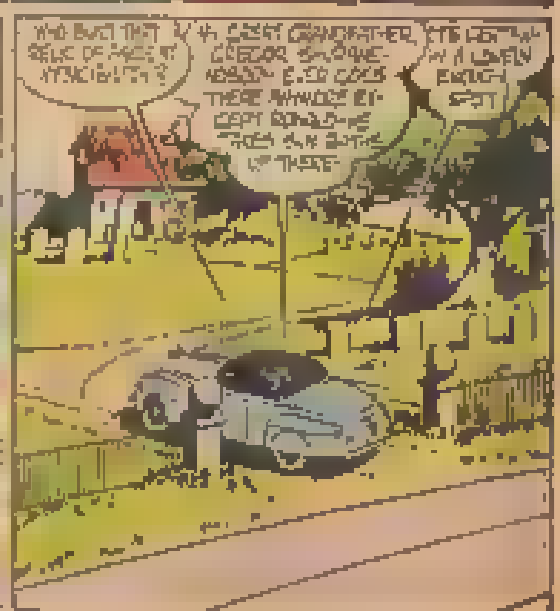

WHO'S POSSIBLE WE'LL QUEEN THIS IS AN FAMILY OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
A DETECTIVE! HURRAH!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE DESERVE THIS IN TO-DAY?
WHAT IS THIS? WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU!


HELP YOU, ELLERY? YOU OLD BEST HOPE YOURSELF! NOW ASKED THAT COMMON PEOPLE SHOULD PS-SAME THEY CAN HELP AN ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY SUCH AS THE SPRONKES!
FROM THE ANGLE OF THE BLOOD THAT FLOWS IN US, LET'S CHECK TO SEE IT'S ABOUT THE SAME COLOR AS THE BLOOD THAT PEOPLE COME TO HELP US!


DON'T ASK ANYONE! VIOLA TO THEM ELLERY! THEY'RE SAVAGES! THEY LIVE OFF THE BREAST OF OTHERS AND FEEDING DESERVE TO DIE!
CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY, HEAVEN! YOU'LL BE NEXT!

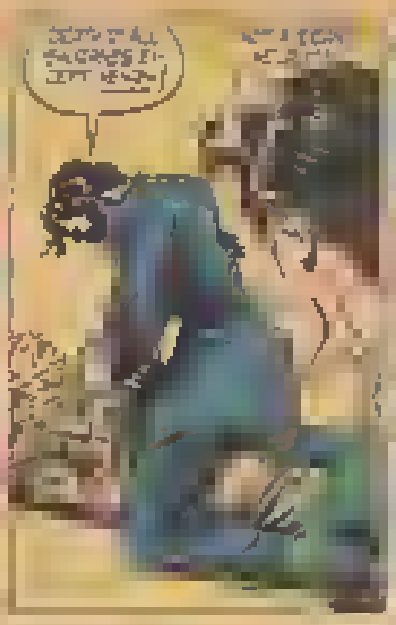

IT'S ME TO PERSONALLY KILL THEM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
DON'T FRET, HEAVEN! EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT! I PROMISE!


WHO'D THE BUTLER SAYS ONLY HUMAN BEING IN THAT HOUSE! AT LEAST ARE DEVILS!
LET'S FORGET ABOUT THEM AND LOOK OVER THE MASTERPIECE GRANDFATHER OF YOUR ANCESTORS.
I DON'T BLAME YOUR ANCESTORS IF THEY WILL COME BACK TO HAUNT THOSE HORRID PEOPLE!


WHO BUILT THAT RELIC OF PAST ARCHITECTURE?
AH, MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, GREGOR SPRONKE. HOWEVER, IT'S GOOD THERE WHOLE EXCEPT BONES—THOSE ARE SOME OF THEM!
THE CASTLE IS A LONELY ENOUGH SPOT!


SO FAR ELLERY THE MISTERED PEOPLE HAVE BEEN FOUND LYING ON TOP OF THESE FOUR GRAVES
THAT'S WHERE EVERY-NOTICE THAT NEVER ALL IN THE SAME LINE'S
WHY NOW! I WONDER WHY?
ANY FOOTPRINTS FOUND AROUND THE CORNER?
NO SIR'E THE WEATHER WAS CLEAR - I HEARD OVER THE GROUND CAME FROM WITH THE SHERIFF AND THERE WASN'T ONE ICE OF DRAG BUT!
"ONE MORE THE NOTES FOUND ON EACH BODY
"I ADAM SHALLOT, TAKE THE LIFE OF SATURNE BECAUSE HE IS A DISGRACE TO OUR NAME"
IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS!
ALL THE DEAD HAVE THE SAME MESSAGE ONLY SIGNED BY A DIFFERENT ANCESTOR
I WISH THE OLD GHOSTS WOULD TAKE EVIDENCE OF US HERE & LETTING FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS DEAD!
THAT NIGHT-
WHERE YOU GOING, ELLERY
WHY I'LL COME ALONG
I JUST WANT TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK TO SORT OF THINK THIS THING OUT-ALONE!
ELLERY QUICKLY WALKS HIS WAY BACK THROUGH THE TOWN ACROSS THE COMMON AND TOWARDS THE FORT.
SSSSSST! ELLERY! WAIT FOR ME!
WHOA - I WASN'T HAVE KNOWN YOU'D FOLLOW ME - WELL WATCH UP - I'VE WORK TO
WITH NICKY IN TOW ELLERY CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE FORT AND LOOKS DOWN ON THE SATURNE GRAVEYARD
SO WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING UP HERE?
BECAUSE I THINK THE SATURNE ANCESTRAL "GHOSTS" HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS

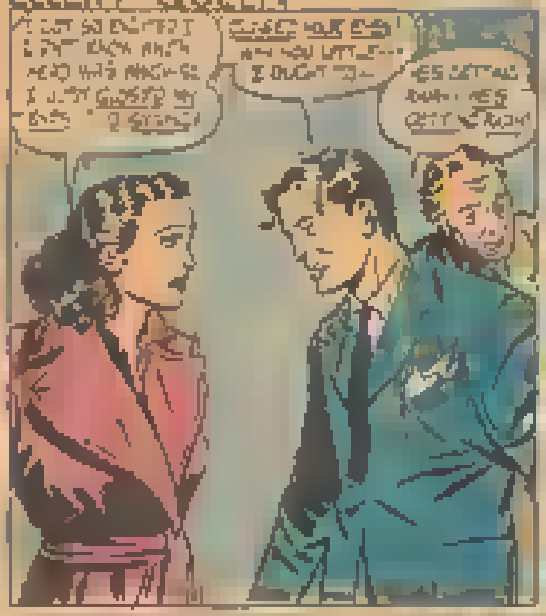

AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE. YOU SEE I DON'T KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS - THOUGH I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA!
WHAT'S OVER?
HERE WE'LL DON'T BE LONG YOU LOOK OUT AND THE COURTYARD...
DOES YOU THINK PORTER CROSS THE COURT-YARD?
NO, IT'S TOO DARK! THEY'VE ENTERED THE ADJOINING HOUSE!
I HOPE THIS GUY & PORTER WHOMEVER YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
WHY IT'S THAT SHADY PERCY SHERRANE!
—HE'S BUT WHAT'S THE OTHER ONE?
STOP THAT YOU FOOL! DON'T! DON'T! HELP!
IT'S PERCY AGAIN! HE'S BEING MURDERED
YES! AND I KNOW WHO'S DOING IT! WE MUST STOP HIM!
STOP!
AT THIS POINT ELLERY QUEEN LOGICALLY DEDUCED THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER. THIS IS A TRADITION, BUT MAGIC WOULD HAVE SOLVED ITS IDENTITY AND THE SECRET OF THE SHARANE GHOSTS!

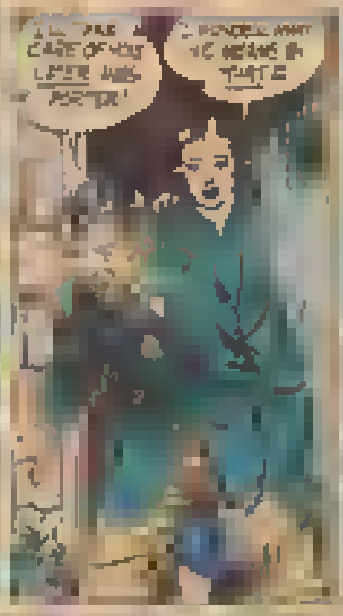


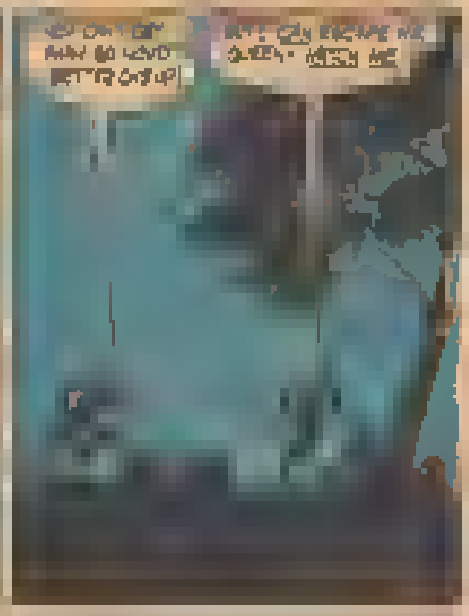

HIT HIM!
OHHHH!

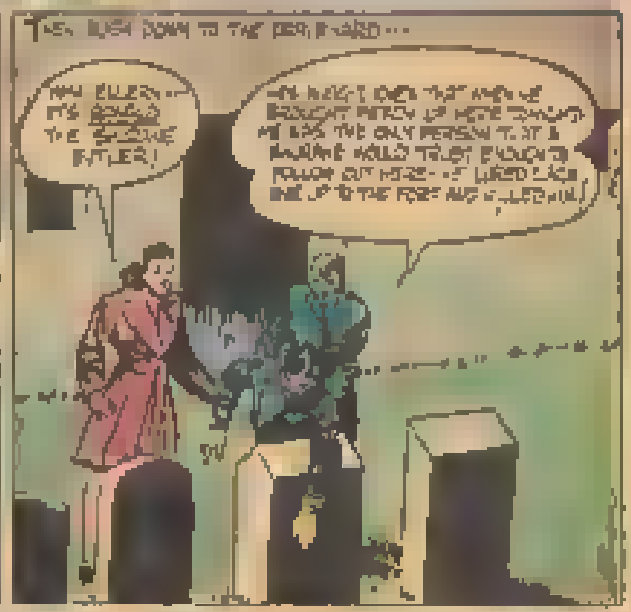

OH, ELLERY POOR ELLERY! I MADE A MISTAKE!

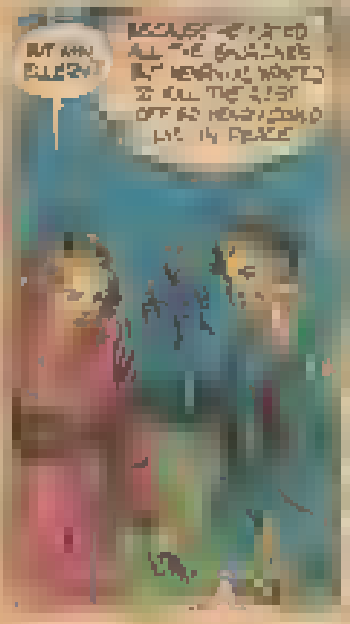
ELLERY QUEEN












THE CRUSOES
THE BLACK FAMILY, FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THEIR NEW FARM HOME, REALIZES THAT TO GIVE UP THEIR LEVELLIC TREE-HOUSE NEAR THE COAST, WOULD BE FOOLHARDY. PAUL AND HIS TWO YOUNG AUNTS (COMPANIONS) BUFF AND BAM TAKE UP RESIDENCE AT THE TREE-HOUSE AFTER COMPLETING A TELEPHONE LINE, MADE OF THE OLD SHIP PHONE, BETWEEN THE FARM AND TREE-HOUSE...
THEY SPED BACK TO THE TREE-HOUSE TO SEE IF THE TELEPHONE WORKS!
(COME ON...LET THOSE HORSES OUT! I'M DYING TO TRY THE PHONE!)
WHAT'S WRONG DU?
WE'RE BACK!!
IT'S MAGIC ALL RIGHT, JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR IT!
BACK AT LAST! NOW TO GET UP IN THE TREE-HOUSE AND HOOK UP THE PHONE!
BRING WIRE INTO HOUSE. I'LL BE GETTING THE RECEIVER AND BELL READY!
ONE.
DONE.
THERE!... IT'S ALL SET! NOW TO TRY TO RING UP THE FAMILY!
HELLO! HELLO!... PUPPY THERE'S NO ANSWER BUT THE LINE SEEMS TO BE ALIVE AND OPEN...CAN'T UNDERSTAND...
HELLO!...PAUL!...WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED!...CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER...
WHAT!... MOTHER... HOW...

THE CRUSOES

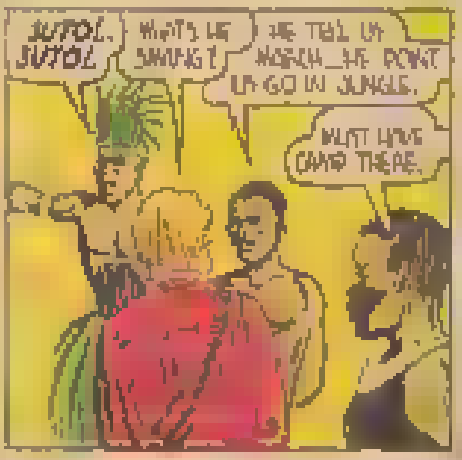

NO! YES... WHAT AFTER YOU LEFT!... THEY'RE CLOSING IN THEY...
YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF 'TILL WE GET THERE!
WELL TAW, TAW!... OHHHH!...
SUDDENLY AN ARROW FINDS ITS MARK IN MAE'S BACK!
MOTHER...MOTHER!.. ANSWER ME!..
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MAE!.. WE'VE GOT TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY!
THOUGH TORN WITH FEAR AND WORRY FOR HIS FAMILY, PAUL HAS THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO LOAD UP WITH GUNS AND AMMUNITION
SACK THAT STUFF TIGHT AND LET'S GET GOING!.. THERE ISN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE!
SPEEDING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY SOON REACH THE CANYON BRIDGE
PLEASE HOLD YOUR HORSES AND LEAD THEM ACROSS
THOUGH PRECIOUS TIME IS LOST IN THE SLOW CROSSING — PAUL REALIZES THAT IF THE HORSES WOULD PROBABLY FALL UP IF THEY COULD SEE WHERE THEY WERE WALKING..
AND AS THEY MOUNT THEIR HORSES... SURPRISE ATTACK!
YACH.. YACHOKH!!
WAPOKAH!!
GET ON YOUR HORSES AND CHARGE THROUGH!


DON'T LET 'EM GRAB YOU... PLUNGE RIGHT THROUGH!


THE WARRIORS SWARM AT THEM, TRYING TO WRENCH THEM FROM THEIR HORSES!


PAUL'S HORSE FRIGHTENED, BEGINS TO BUCK... THE SAVAGES FLEE FROM THE FLYING HOOVES!


THE WOUNDED HORSE THROWS ITS RIDER INTO THE HANDS OF THE SAVAGES!


JUTOL, JUTOL!
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
HE TELL US MORGH... HE POINT US GO IN JUNGLE.
MUST HAVE COME THERE.

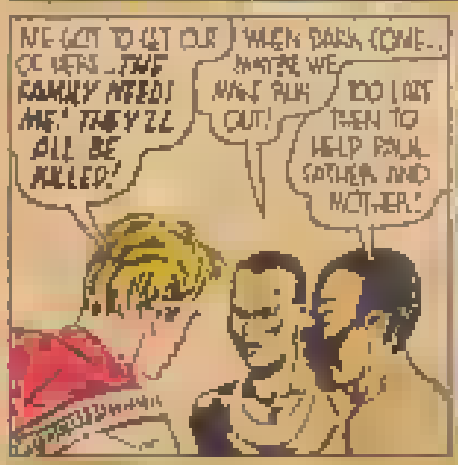

DO YOU KNOW THIS TRIBE?
THAT'S OUR!
MAN WITH SPEAR IN YOU BACK... OUR FATHER!


YOUR FATHER! YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO HELP US ESCAPE... QUICK!
HE NOT TALK WITH US... HE TABOO!
WE ASK... MAYBE HE DO.

THE CRUSOES

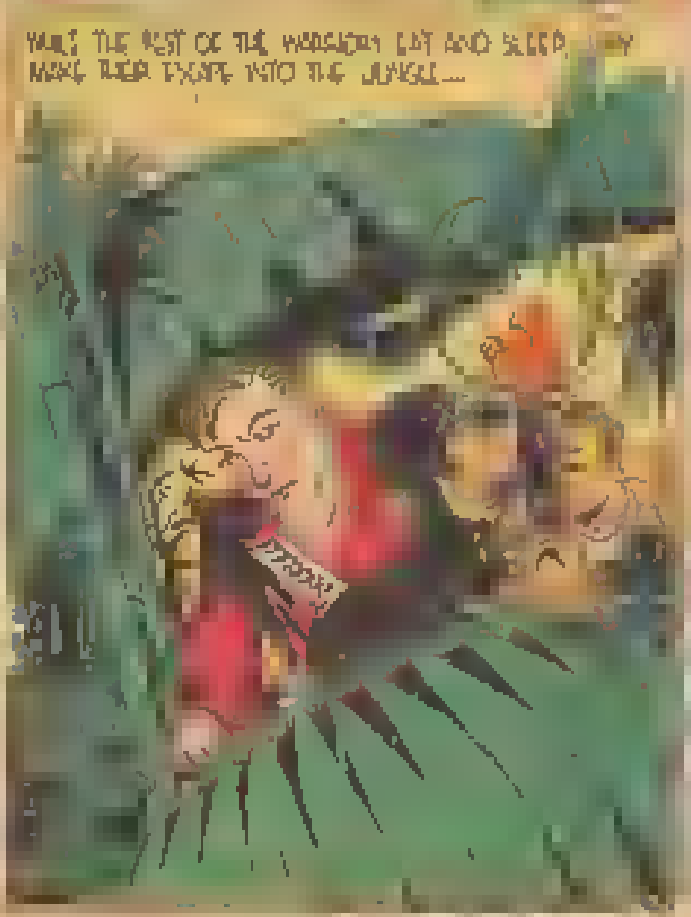

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY ARE SETTLED IN LONG BEE AND BRIAN'S FATHER COMES OVER TO EXAMINE A SPEAR.
TUCU TUCU WOOBOOGIE YAKA!
TCHING! TCHING!


FOR DEREK'S SAKE.. MUST DID HE SAY!
HE SAY IT TWICE!
HE SAY... SHUT UP!


WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... THE FAMILY NEED! ME! THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!
WHEN DARK COME... MAYBE WE MAKE PLAN OUT!
TOO! GET THEN TO HELP PAUL, FATHER AND MOTHER!

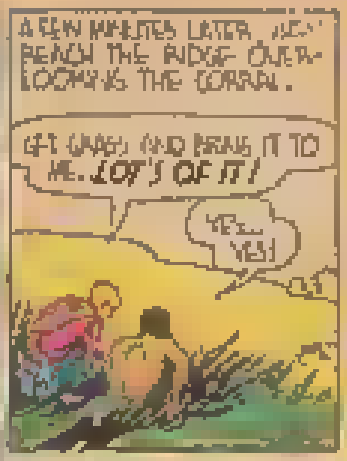

PSSST!... TUAN YANGOYE, KANDIM!
FUTLOM!
IT'S YOUR DAD!... HE'S GONNA HELP US ESCAPE!


LACHI, FUTLO!
LACHI... LACHI!
IF THEY HEARD THROWS IN YOUR LAND... TELL IT TO HIM FOR ME TOO!

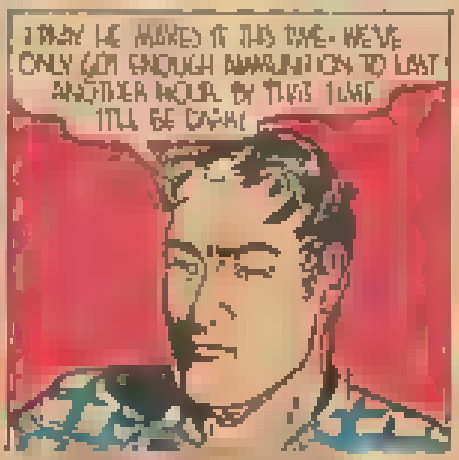

WELL, THE REST OF THE HORSEMEN EAT AND SLEEP. THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE INTO THE JUNGLE...

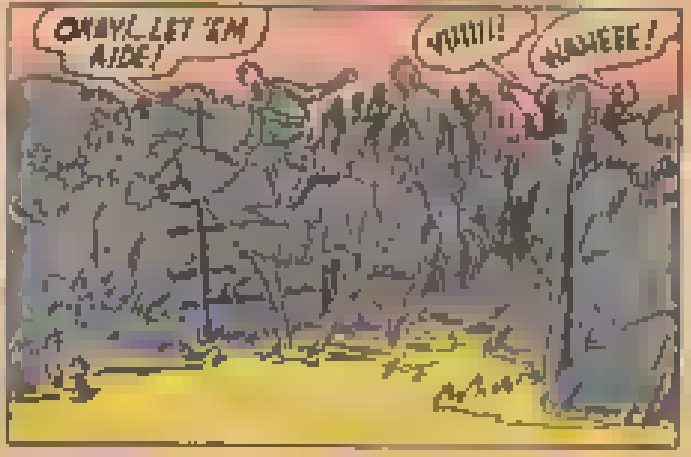

YOUR DAD'S A PRINCE... HE EVEN BROUGHT OUR HORSES
PONSIN NOPELL ALSE AYASH!
HE SAY HE WANT COME US... THEY KILL HIM IF HE STAY
HE HELP US... TAKE CAR, YES?


YOU BETT HE STAY ALONE WITH ONE OF YOU. CLIMB ABOARD YOUR MOUNTS AND HURRY... THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE!



GATHERING THE GRASS IN THIN BUNDLES, PAUL QUICKLY MOLDS THEM INTO GROTESQUE-LOOKING SCARECROWS, USING TELEGRAPH WIRE TO BIND THEM.



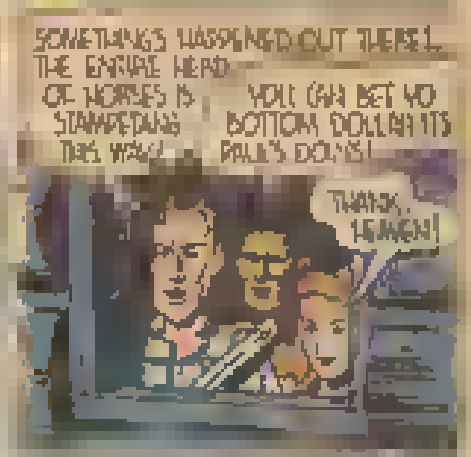


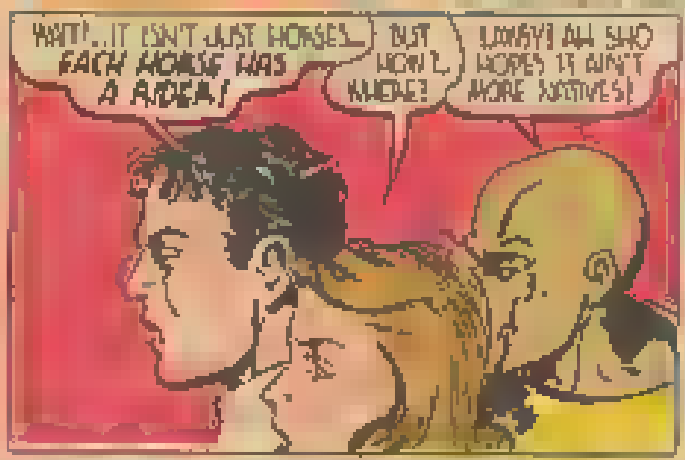

KEEP THEM CLOSE TOGETHER UNTIL WE GET RIGHT NEAR THE CAPITAL... THEN FAN THEM OUT!

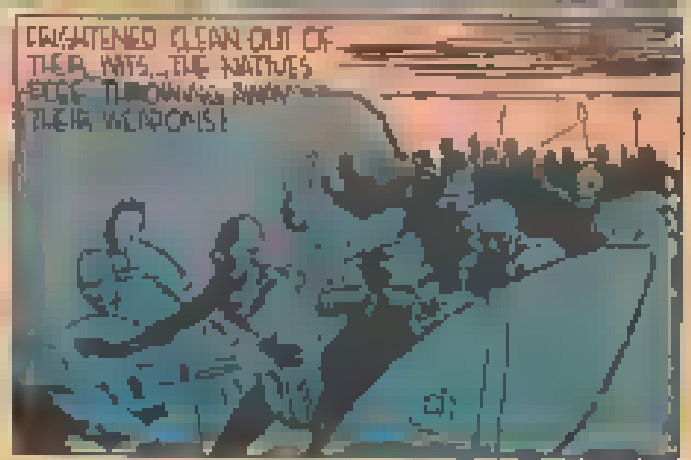

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT, THE STRAW BAGGS GIVE A REALISTIC EFFECT!

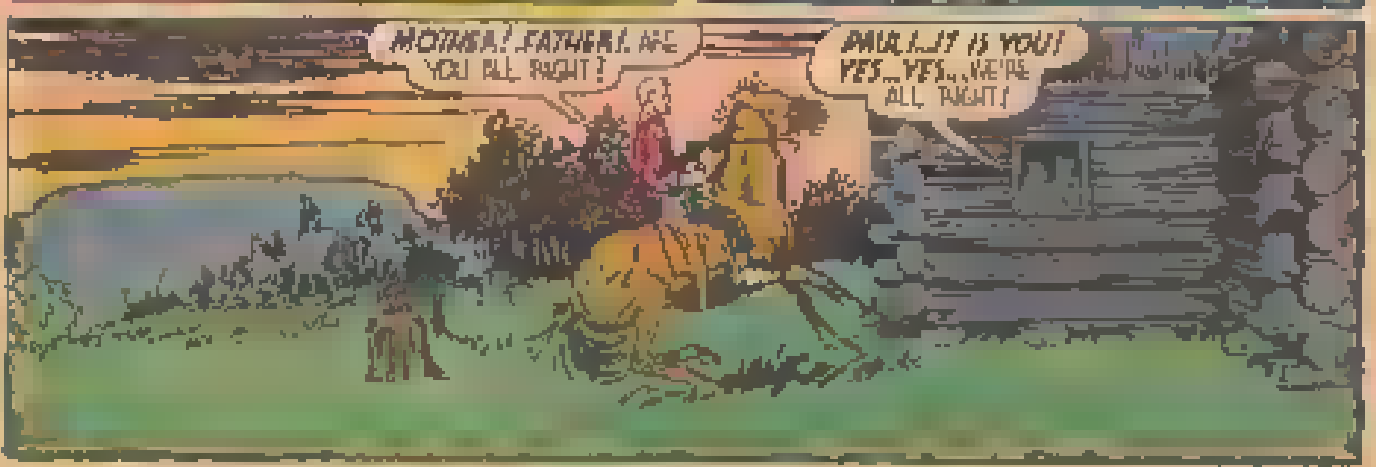

ZETUGARAS!!

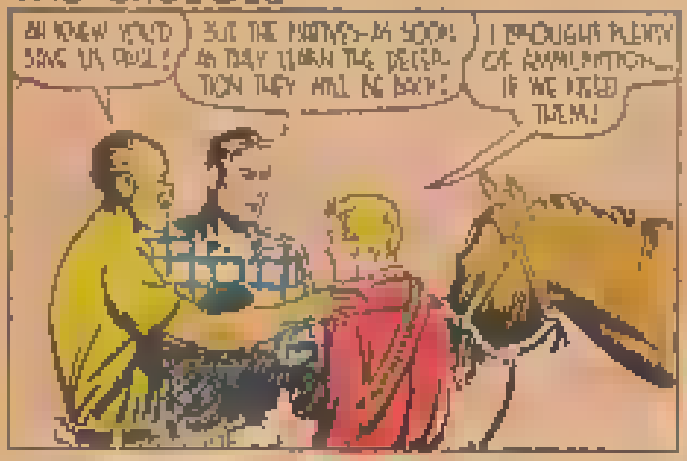

ZETUGARAS!!
DROCH?_YI!..
ZETUGARAS!..
LOCHI ZETUGARAS!!

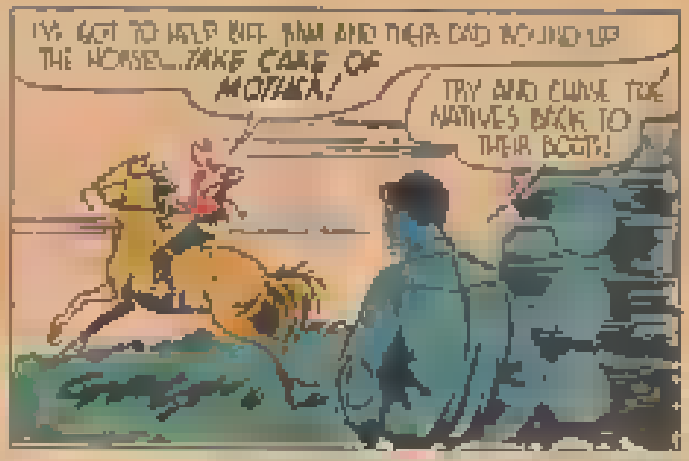

SOMETHINGS HAPPENED OUT THERE!_ THE ENTIRE HERD OF HORSES IS STAMPEDING THIS WAY!
YOU CAN BET YO BOTTOM DOLLAR IT'S PAUL'S DOINGS!
THANK, HEAVEN!


WAIT!...IT ISN'T JUST HORSES_ EACH HORSE HAS A RIDER!
BUT HOW'D_ HE DO IT?
LOWSY! AH SHO HOPES IT AIN'T MORE NATIVES!


FRIGHTENED CLEAN OUT OF THEIR WITS,_THE NATIVES HEDGE THROWING AWAY THEIR WEAPONS!


MOTHER! FATHER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
PAUL!...IT IS YOU! YES...YES...WE'RE ALL RIGHT!

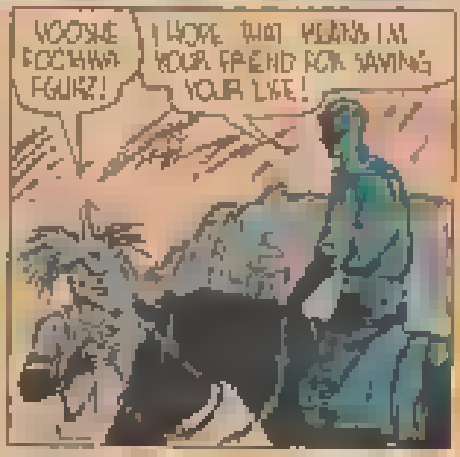

AN KNEW YOU'D SAVE US PAUL!
BUT THE NATIVES—AS SOON AS THEY LEARN THE DECEPTION THEY WILL BE BACK!
I BROUGHT PLENTY OF AMMUNITION... IF WE NEED THEM!


I'VE GOT TO HELP BUFF, ANN AND THEIR DAD ROUND UP THE HORSES...TAKE CARE OF MOTUKA!
TRY AND DRIVE THE NATIVES BACK TO THEIR BOATS!

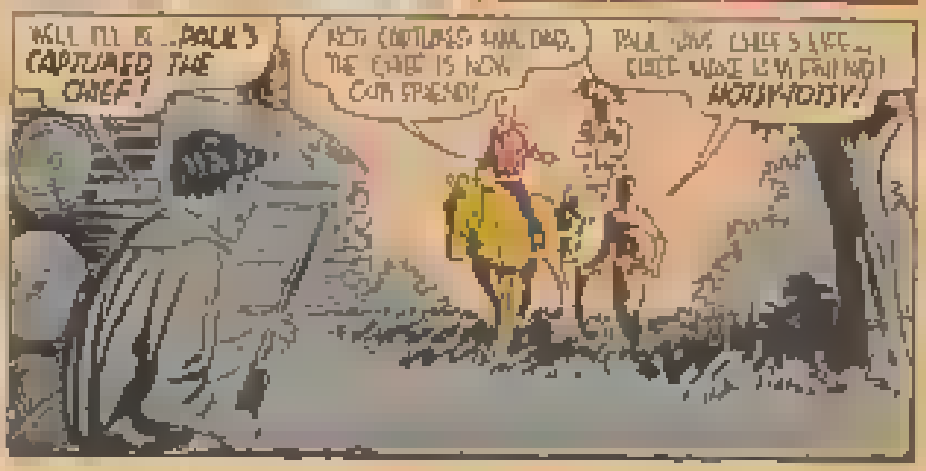

IT'S THE CHIEF!...HE'LL BE KILLED UNLESS...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!


URGING HIS HORSE TO GREATER SPEED, PAUL RUSHES TO THE AID OF THE DOOMED CHIEF...


WITH LUNGS-BREAKING TACKLE, PAUL GRABS THE CHIEF...

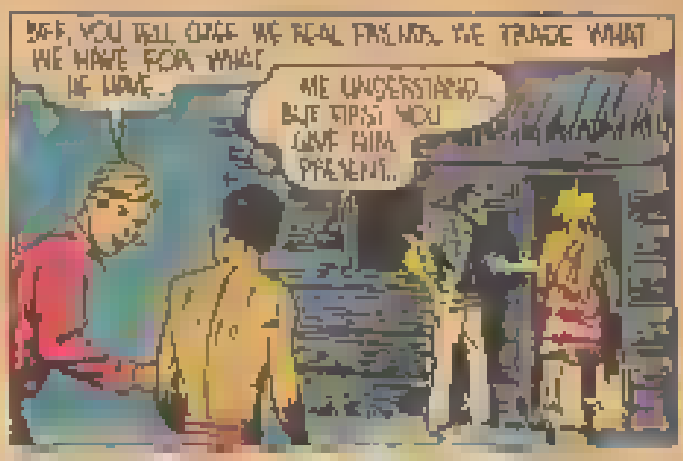

WOOSHE FOOMWA FGURZ!
I HOPE THAT MEANS I'M YOUR FRIEND FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE!


WOOSHE FOOMWA FGURZ!
CHIEF SAY YOU FRIEND... SAVE LIFE!
THAT WAS THE IDEA...NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT WITH THEM ANYMORE.


WELL, I'LL BE...PAUL'S CAPTURED THE CHIEF!
NOT CAPTURED MAN, DAD. THE CHIEF IS NOW OUR FRIEND!
PAUL SAVE CHIEF'S LIFE... CHIEF MADE US HIS FRIEND! MOTSUMOTSU!

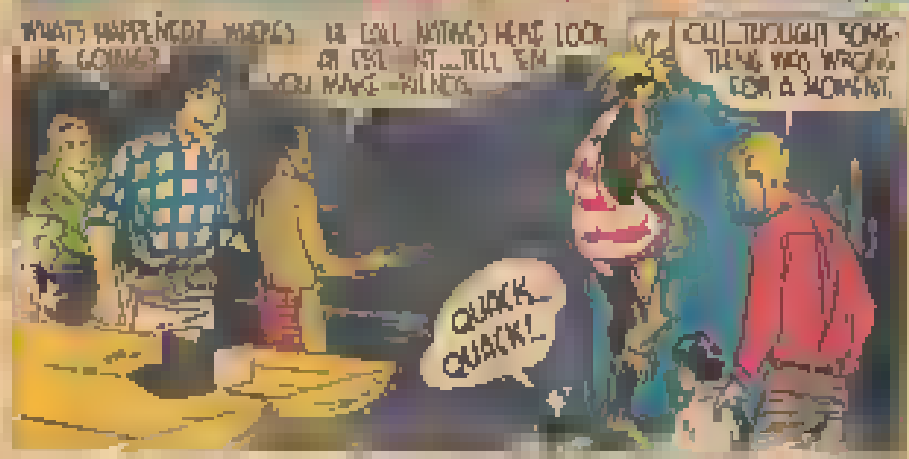
THE CRUSOES


ZUKATOOCHE BOHMEYOMMO!
SUKA SUKA!
BIFF TELL HIM YOU CHIEF HERE... HE SAY GOOD... GOOD!
TELL HIM IT'S DOUBLE FOR ME TOO!


BIFF, YOU TELL CHIEF WE REAL FRIENDS. WE TRADE WHAT WE HAVE FOR WHAT WE HAVE.
ME UNDERSTAND... BUT FIRST YOU GIVE HIM PRESENT...

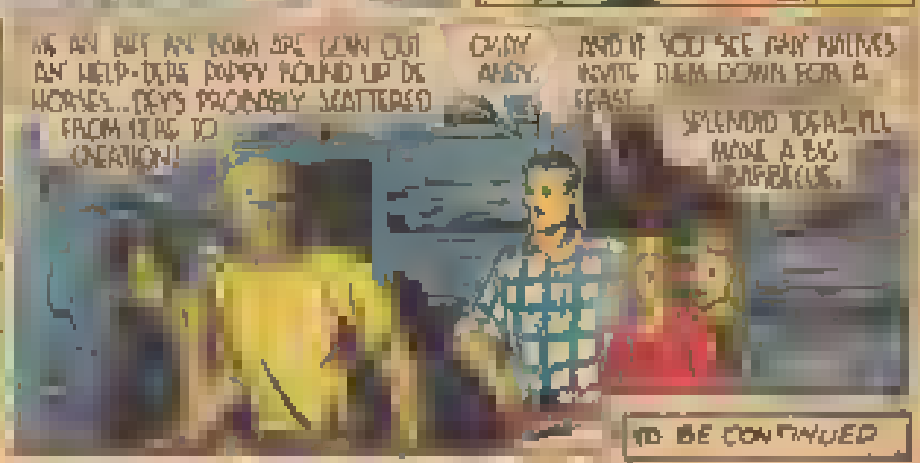

QUICK TO FOLLOW, BETTY ASKS PAUL RUMMAGES IN THE CHILDREN'S TOY BOX AND BRINGS OUT ONE OF THEIR OLD TOYS...
FOR THE CHIEF... TO SEAL OUR FRIENDSHIP.
BRUNG YU INTO FOM!
SUKA... SUKA!


HO HO HO HO! QUACK... QUACK!... HO HO HO...
QUACK... QUACK!
QUACK...
THAT WAS A BRILLIANT CHOICE FOR A PRESENT, PAUL... HE'S NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!


WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE'S HE GOING?
HE CALL. NATIVES HERE LOOK ON FRIENDLY... TELL 'EM YOU MAKE FRIENDS.
QUACK... QUACK!
OH!... THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS WRONG FOR A MOMENT.


OH, PAUL... YOU'RE JUST THE BEST SON A MOTHER EVER HAD!
AUNT... MOTHER... I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING... AND ALL I'M HAPPY ABOUT IS THAT YOU WEREN'T SERIOUSLY HURT.


WE HAVE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR... WE'RE ALL SAFE AND WE'VE FINALLY MADE FRIENDS WITH THE NATIVES.
AND THAT MEANS YA'LL BE ABLE TO TRADE WITH THEM!

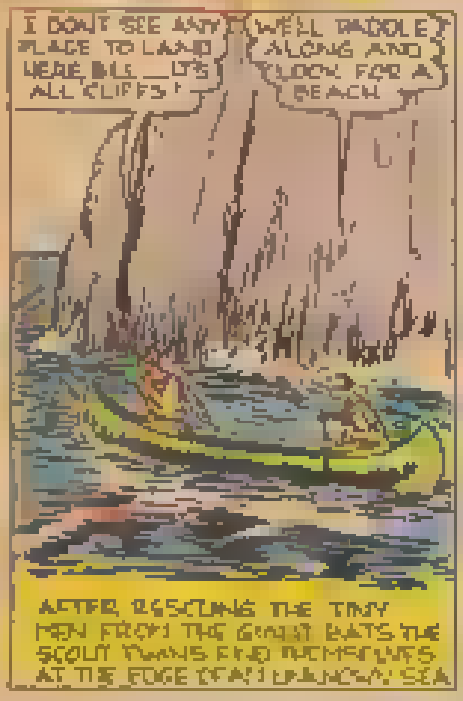

WE AIN'T ANY BOAT ANY MORE SO LOOK OUT AN' HELP-DEM DOPPY ROUND UP DE HORSES... DEY'S PROBABLY SCATTERED FROM DEAD TO OKEATION!!
OKAY ANDY.
AND IF YOU SEE ANY NATIVES INVITE THEM DOWN FOR A FEAST.
SPLENDID IDEA! I'LL MAKE A BIG BARBECUE.
TO BE CONTINUED

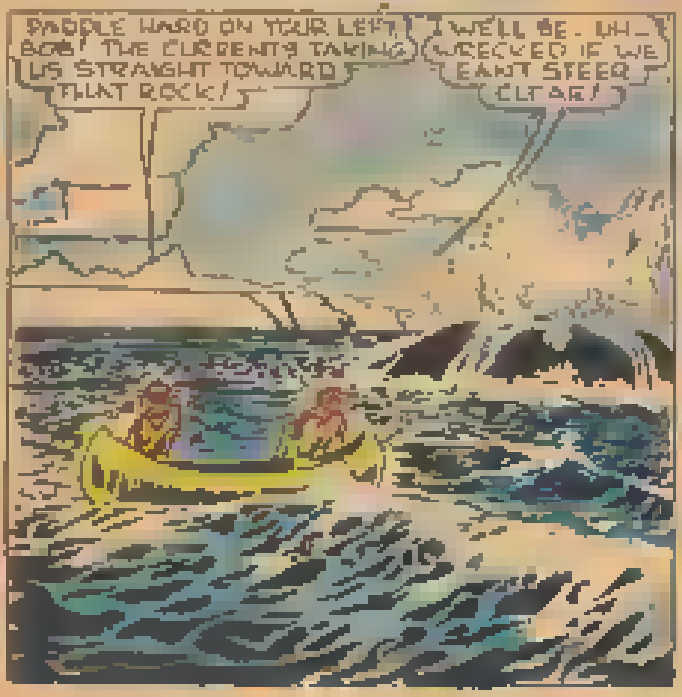
BOB AND BILL

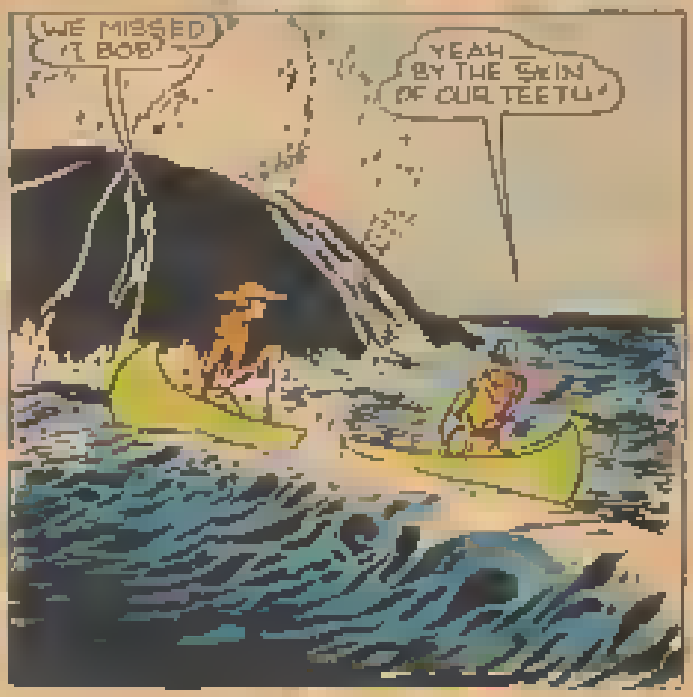
The SCOUT TWINS

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE, WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE — AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS AND VERY TINY PEOPLE

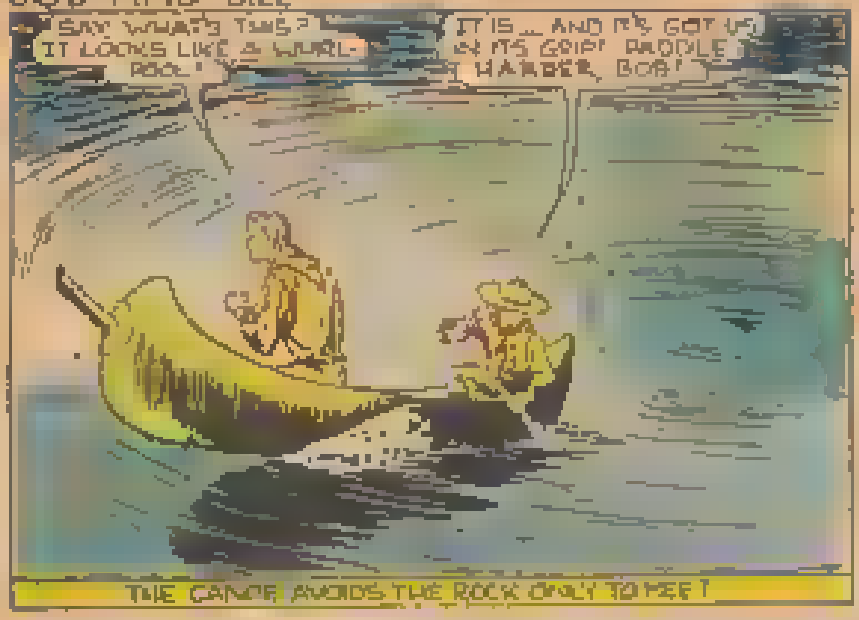
DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE



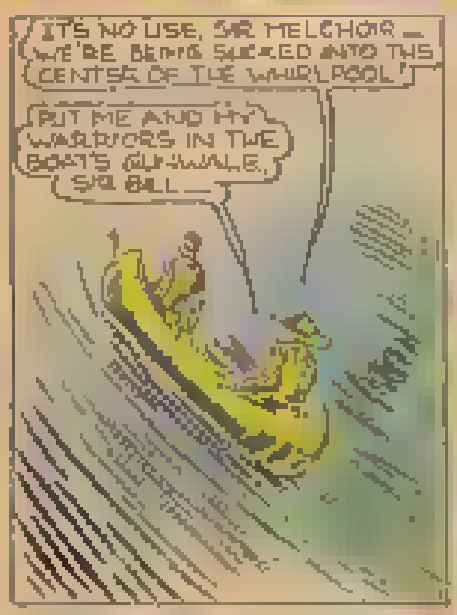




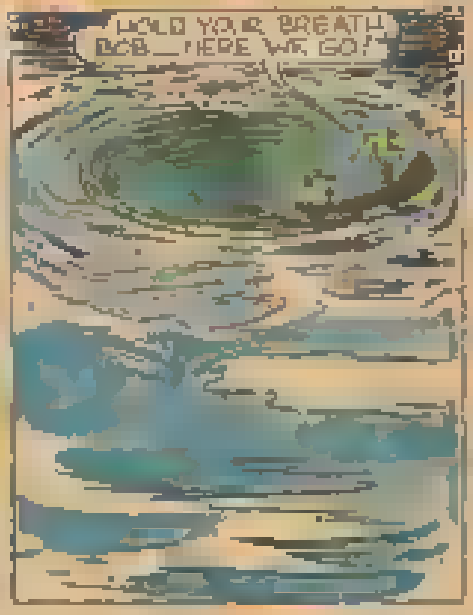
BOB AND BILL

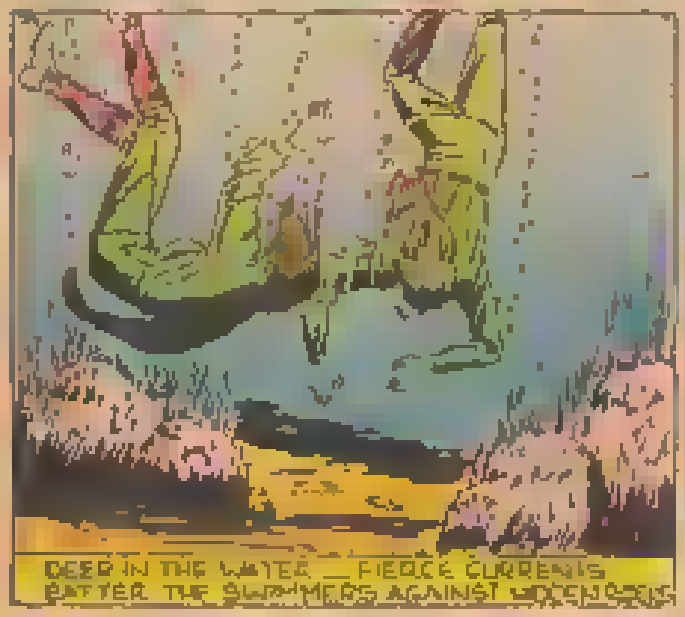

SAY WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A WHIRLPOOL!
IT IS... AND IT'S GOT US IN ITS GRIP! PADDLE HARDER, BOB!
THE CANOE AVOIDS THE ROCK ONLY TO MEET

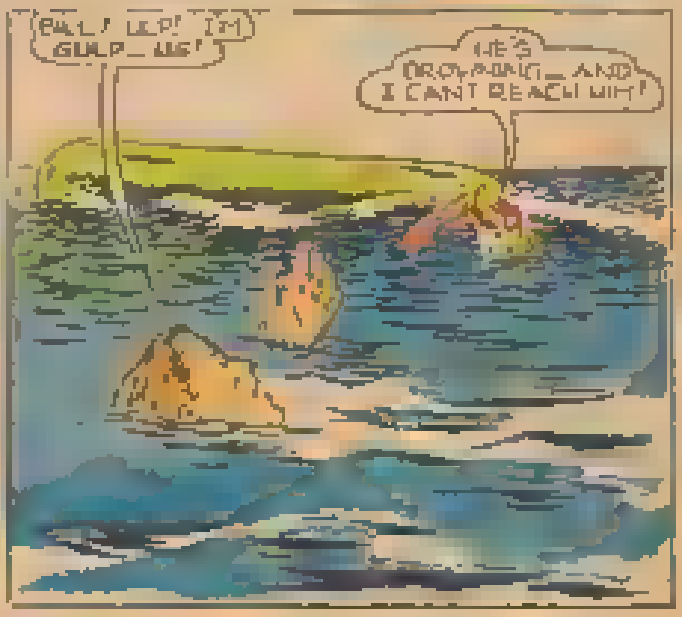

WHAT'S THE MATTER SIR BOB?
WE'RE LOSING WAY... AND I'M PADDLING AS HARD AS I CAN!

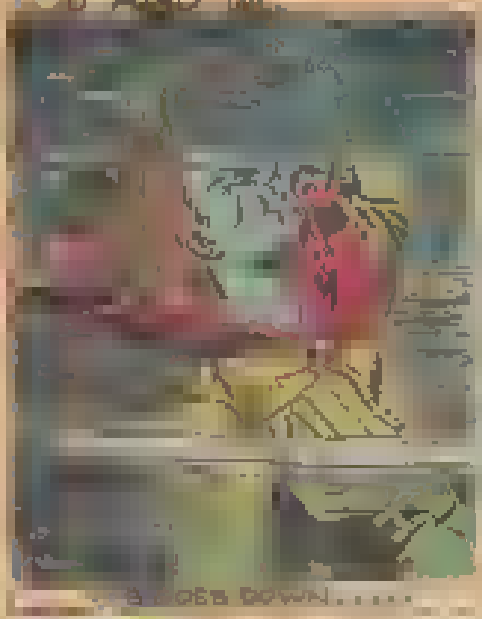

IT'S NO USE, SIR MELCHOIR... WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE CENTER OF THE WHIRLPOOL!
PUT ME AND MY WARRIORS IN THE BOAT'S GUNWALE, SIR BILL...


WHEN THE CANOE GOES DOWN IT WILL BE EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
WE UNDERSTAND SIR BOB... YOU WOULD HAVE SAVED US IF YOU COULD!
MAYBE WE WON'T ALL DROWN... WHIRLPOOLS ARE TRICKY

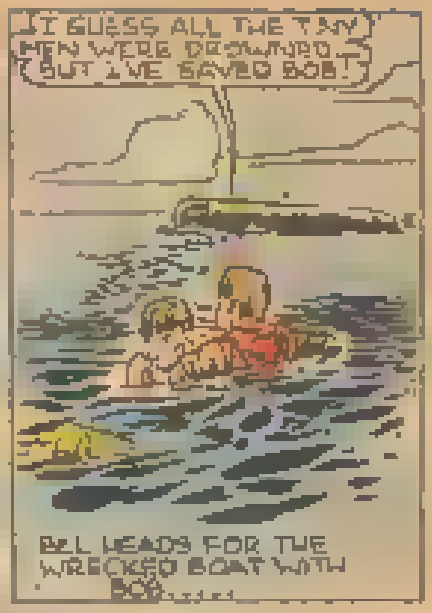

HOLD YOUR BREATH BOB... HERE WE GO!


DEEP IN THE WATER... FIERCE CURRENTS BATTER THE SWIMMERS AGAINST WOODEN ROCKS


BILL! HELP! I'M GULP... GIS!
HE'S DROWNING... AND I CAN'T REACH HIM!

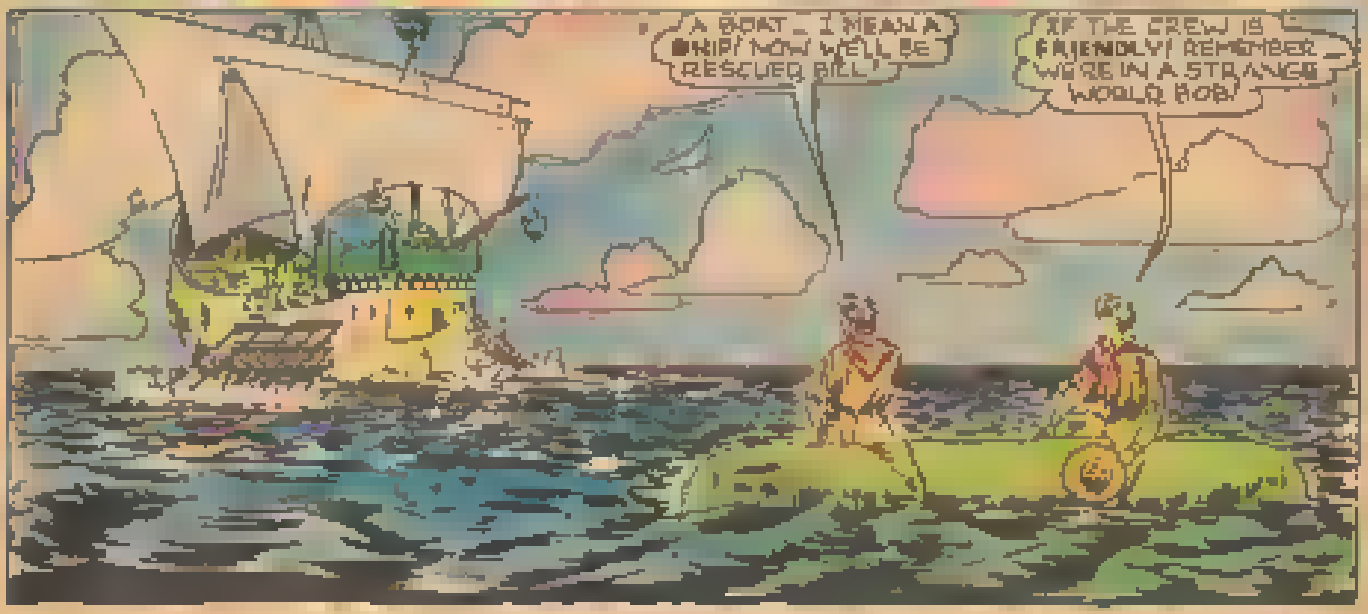

BOB GOES DOWN.....


I SEE HIM ... I'LL HAVE HIM IN A MINUTE ... IF ONLY IT'S NOT TOO LATE ...

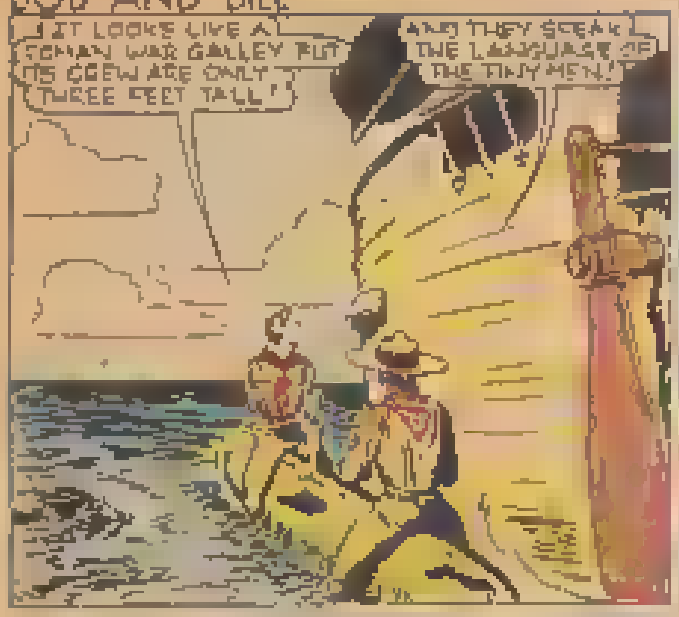

IT GUESS ALL THE TAN MEN WERE DROWNED ... BUT I'VE SAVED BOB!
BILL HEADS FOR THE WRECKED BOAT WITH BOB.....

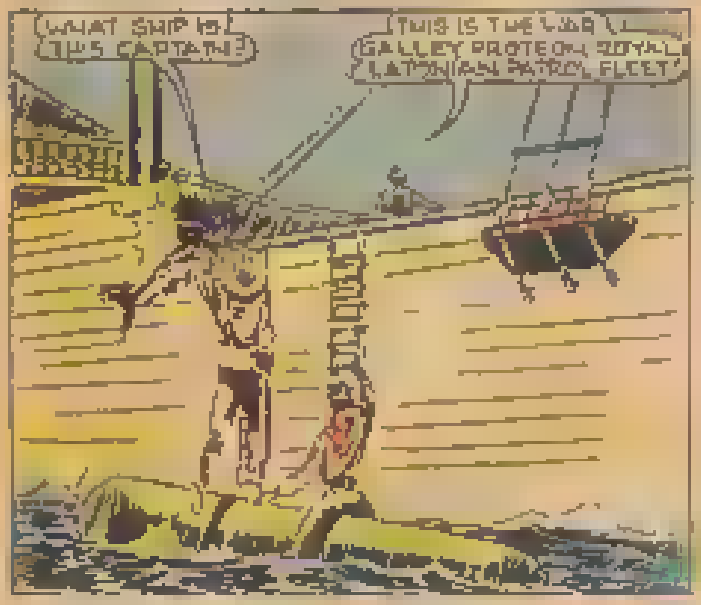

MOST OF THE WATER IS OUT OF HIS LUNGS NOW ... THE NEXT THING'S TO GET AIR INTO 'EM!

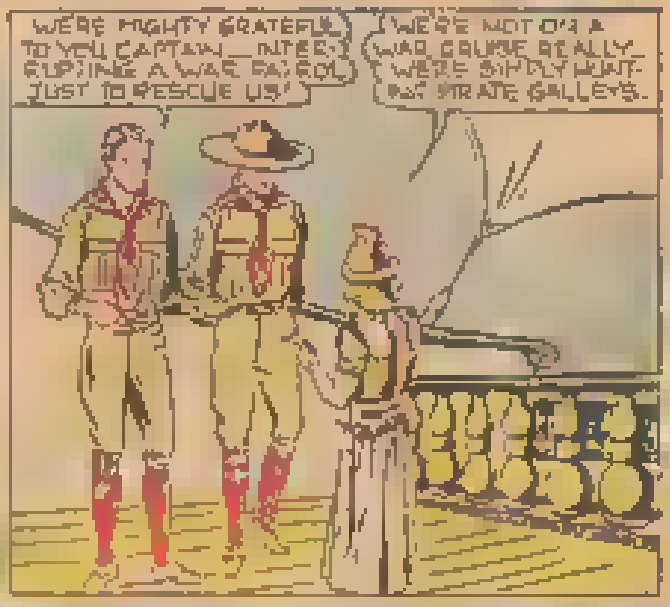

WE'RE DRIFTING FARTHER FROM SHORE, BILL ... WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?
I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT THAT ... THE MAIN THING IS THAT WE'RE BOTH ALIVE!
SOME TIME LATER, BOB REVIVES


A BOAT ... I MEAN A SHIP! NOW WE'LL BE RESCUED, BILL!
IF THE CREW IS FRIENDLY! REMEMBER WE'RE IN A STRANGE WORLD, BOB!

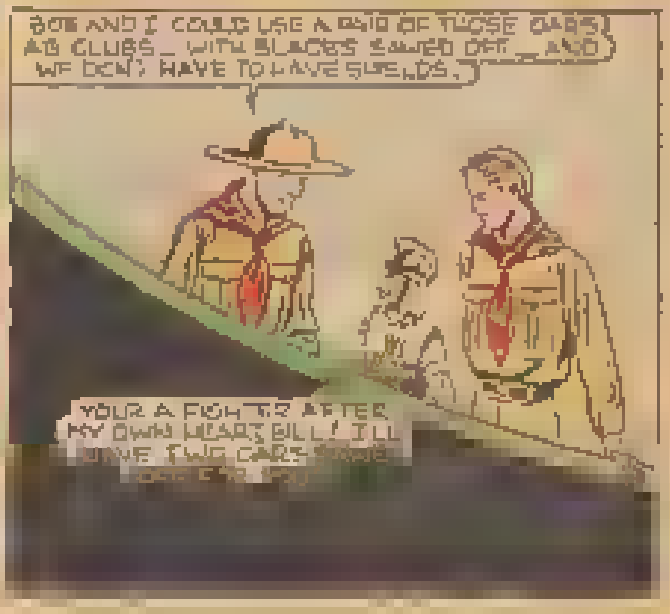
BOB AND BILL


IT LOOKS LIKE A ROMAN WAR GALLEY BUT ITS CREW ARE ONLY THREE FEET TALL!
AND THEY SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THE TINY MEN!


WHAT SHIP IS THIS CAPTAIN?
THIS IS THE WAR GALLEY PROTECH ROYAL LATONIAN PATROL FLEET!


WE'RE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU CAPTAIN — INTERRUPTING A WAR PATROL JUST TO RESCUE US!
WE'RE NOT ON A WAR CRUISE REALLY — WE'RE SIMPLY HUNTING PIRATE GALLEYS.


PIRATES! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING!
IF WE FIND ANY PIRATES AND INCIDENTS TO FIGHTING, MAYBE YOU'LL LET US HELP.
IT'S DANGEROUS TOO — THESE PIRATES ARE FIERCE, ANIMAL-LIKE SAVAGES COVERED WITH BLACK FUR.

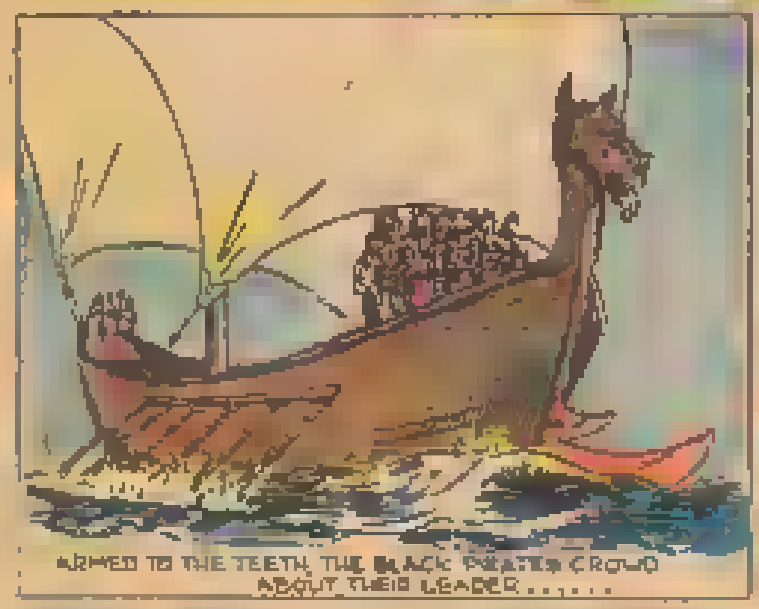

BOB AND I COULD USE A PAIR OF THOSE CLUBS AS CLUBS — WITH BLADES SAWED OFF — AND WE DON'T HAVE TO HAVE SHIELDS.
YOUR A FIGHTER AFTER MY OWN HEART, BILL! I'LL GIVE TWO CARS

BOB AND BILL


¡HOLA! A PIRATE SAIL
THE LATONIAN LOOKOUT SIGHTS THE ENEMY....


AND I WILL HELP WIN — OR DIE


THE TWO GALLEYS RUSH TOWARD EACH OTHER.....


ARMED TO THE TEETH, THE BLACK PIRATES CROWD ABOUT THEIR LEADER.....


NOW RAM THAT LATONIAN TUB!


THE PIRATE CHIEF'S BRASS BEAK CUTS TOWARD THE OTHER'S SIDE.....

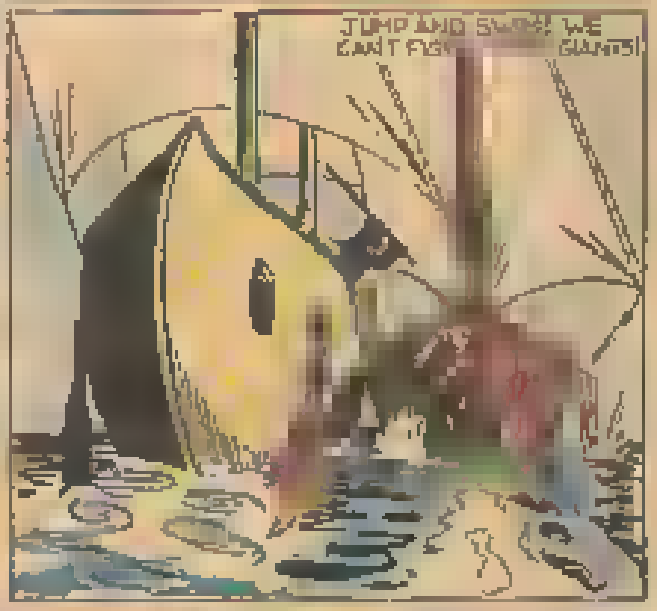

.. SUDDENLY THE LATONIAN GALLEY TURNS AND SMASHES THE PIRATE'S OARS!

BOB AND BILL

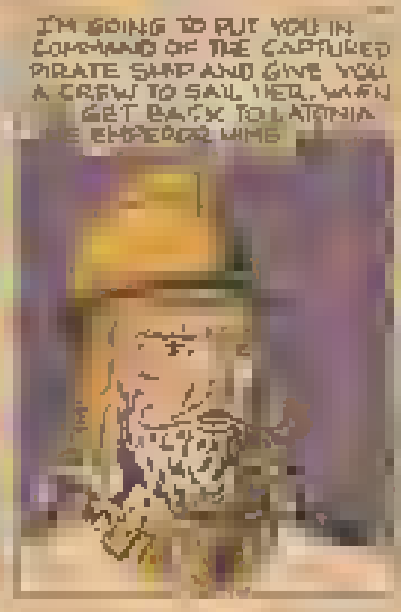

BOARDERS AWA-A-A ! THE BLACK PIRATES DOWN!

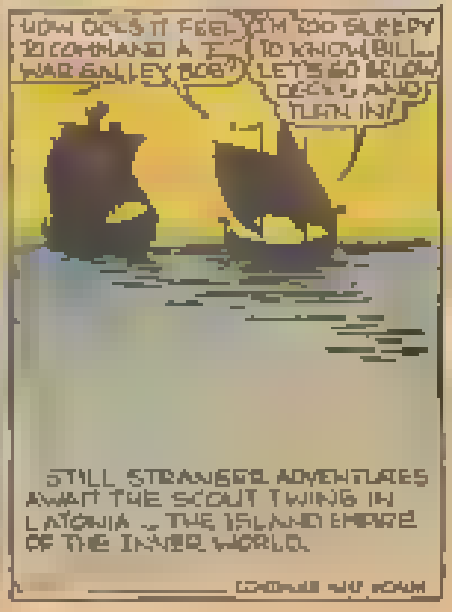

OVER YOU GO, MONKEY-FACE!


SPEAR THE GIANT! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
NOW DO YOU LIKE THAT ... YOU BLACK CUTTHROATS!


JUMP AND SWIM! WE CAN'T FIGHT GIANTS!

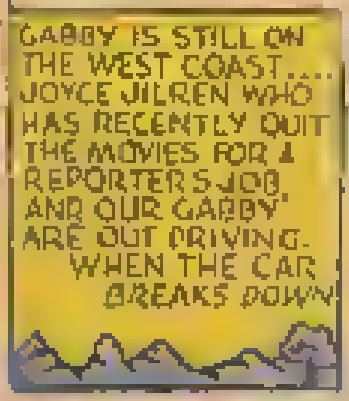

IN THE NAME OF THE LATONIAN ROYAL FLEET I SALUTE YOU, BOB AND BILL! WITHOUT YOUR HELP WE WOULD HAVE LOST.
THAT'S PUTTING IT TOO STRONG CAPTAIN

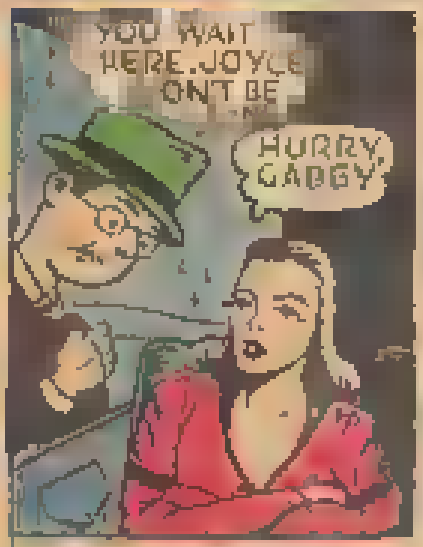

I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN COMMAND OF THE CAPTURED PIRATE SHIP AND GIVE YOU A CREW TO SAIL HER. WHEN GET BACK TO LATONIA THE EMPEROR WILL

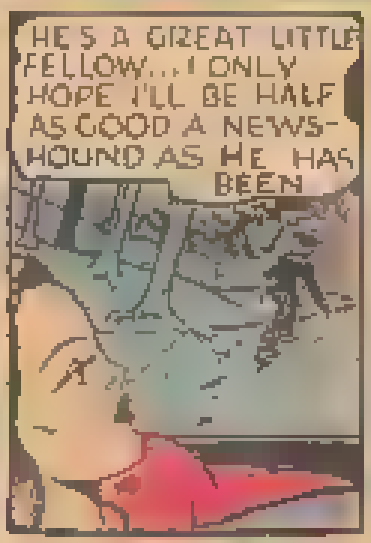

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO COMMAND A WAR GALLEY BOB?
I'M TOO SLEEPY TO KNOW BILL. LET'S GO BELOW DECKS AND TURN IN!
STILL STRANGER ADVENTURES AWAIT THE SCOUT TWINS IN LATONIA ... THE ISLAND EMPIRE OF THE INNER WORLD.
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

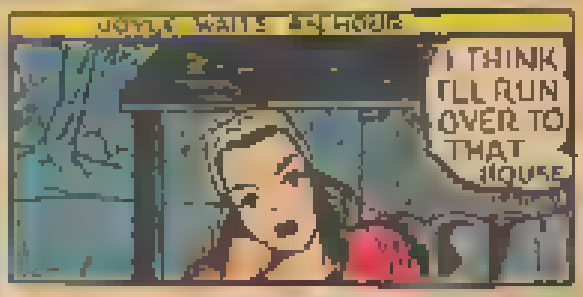
GABBY SCOOPS

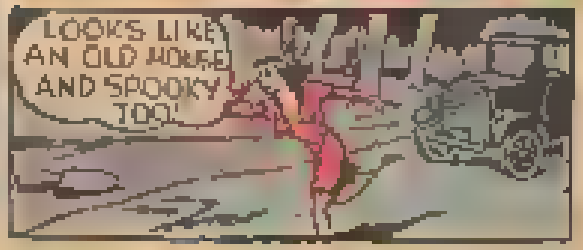
by BILL TREADWELL DRAWN BY Bill CONNOR

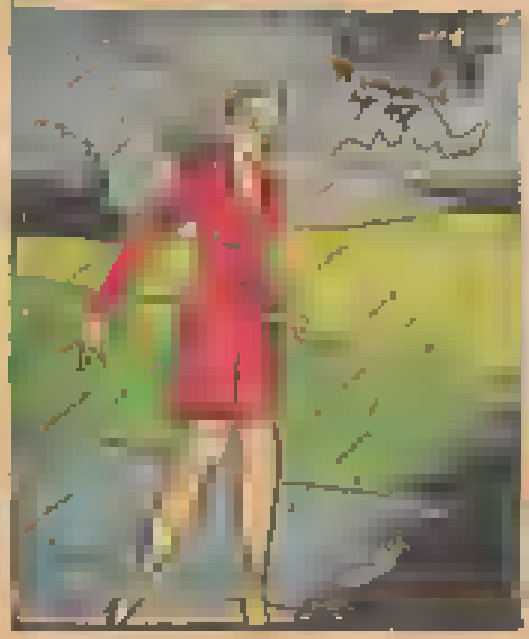




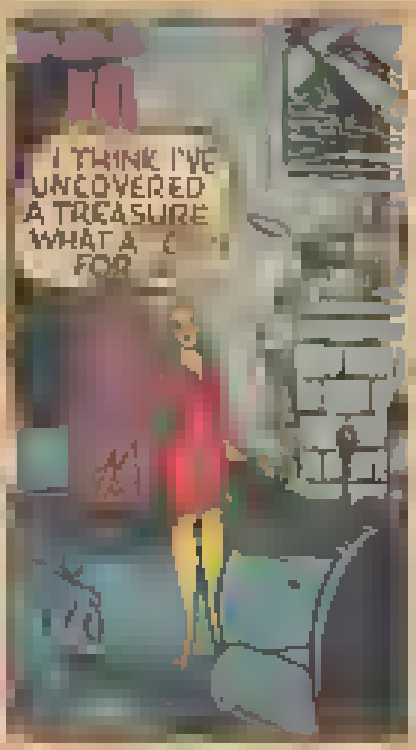


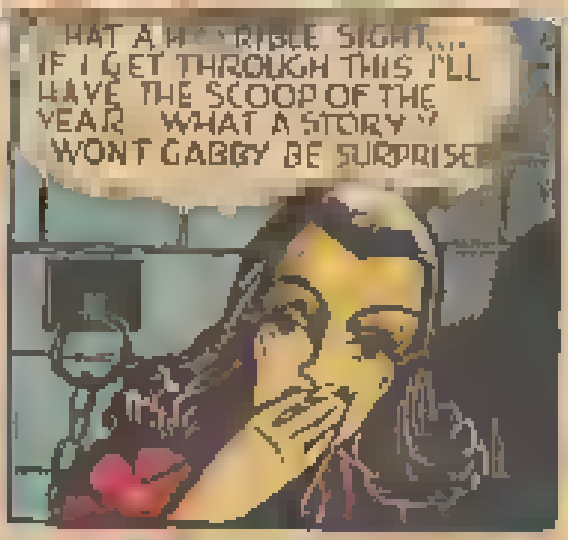


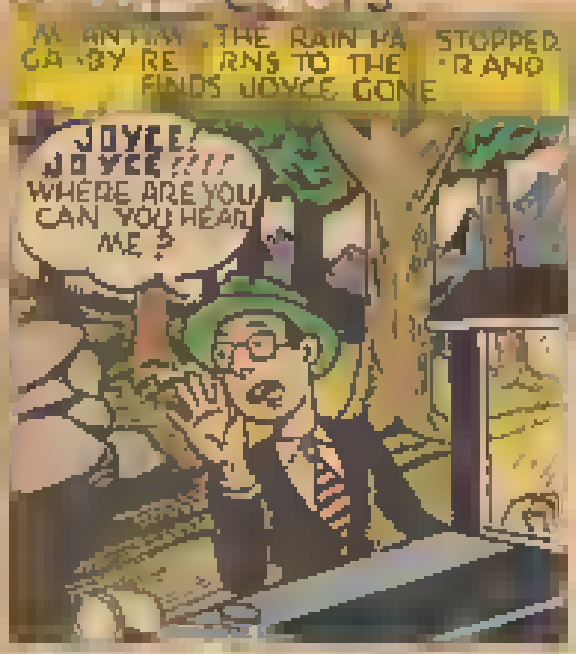




GABBY SCOOPS

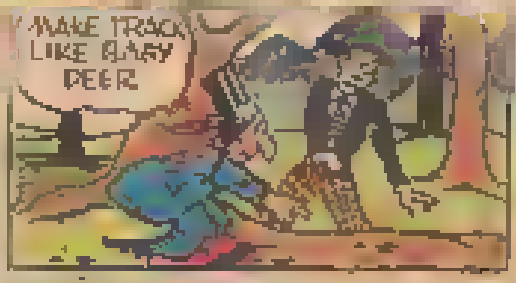





MEANWHILE, THE RAIN PA STOPPED CA BY RE RNS TO THE 'R AND FINDS JOYCE GONE
JOYCE! JOYCE!!!! WHERE ARE YOU CAN YOU HEAR ME?


OH WHO Y LOOKUM FOR?? PRETTY SQUAW? I TELLUM WH SHE GO....
WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HER? TELL ME QUICK


SHE RUNNUM THATAWAY... NEARUM THE RANCH.... COME I SHOW YOU!
WELL COME ON, INJUN.. LETS GO!

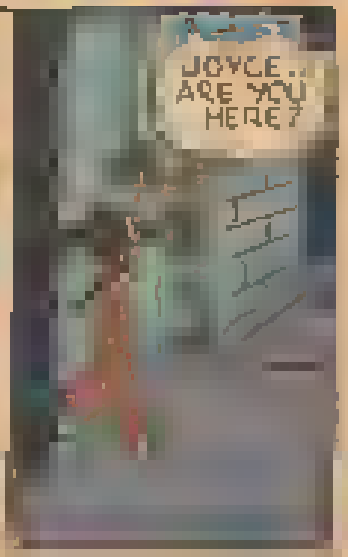

MAKE TRACK LIKE BABY DEER


GOUM THIS WAY

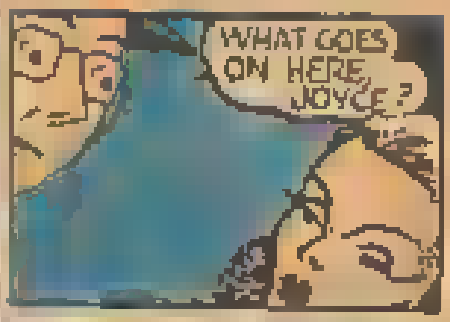

GO IN THERE

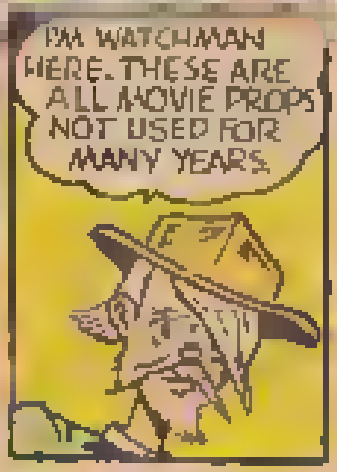

GOTTUM GO NOW.....

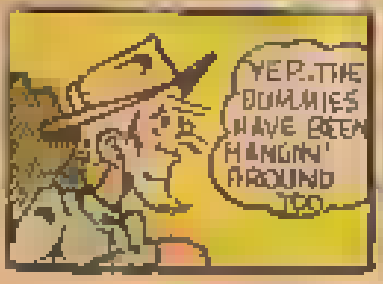

WHATS WRONG WITH HIM?? QUEEREST INJUN I'VE EVER SEEN

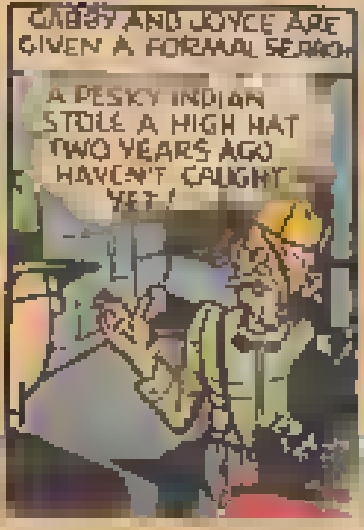

JOYCE.. ARE YOU HERE?

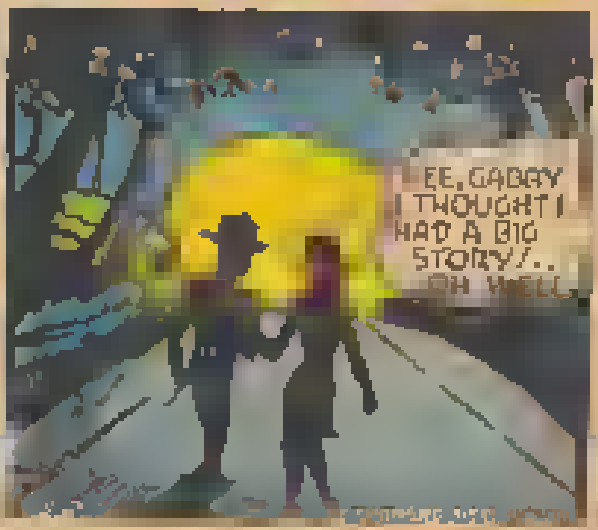
GABBY'S SCOOPS

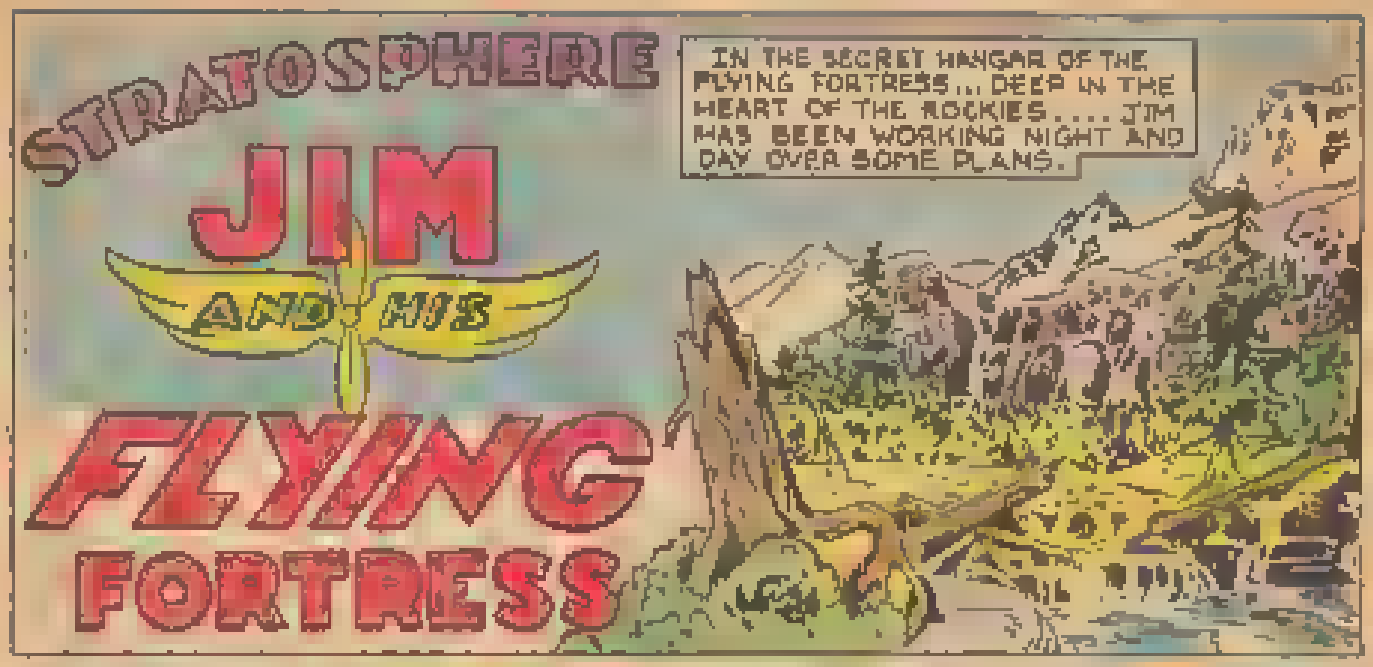


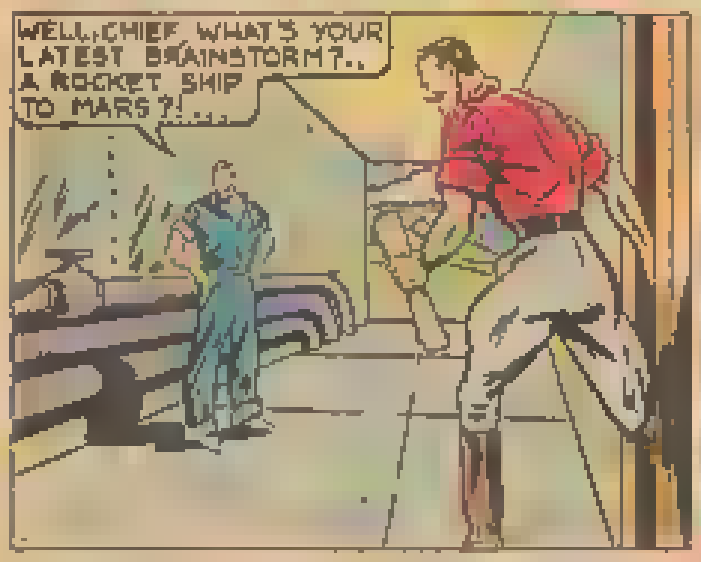


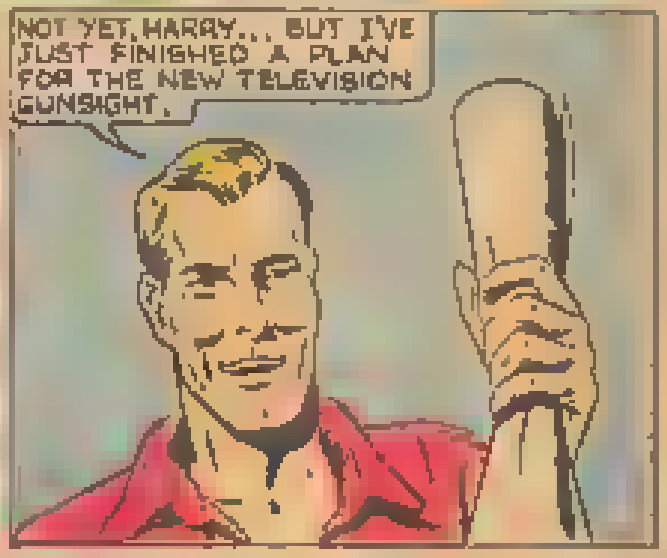


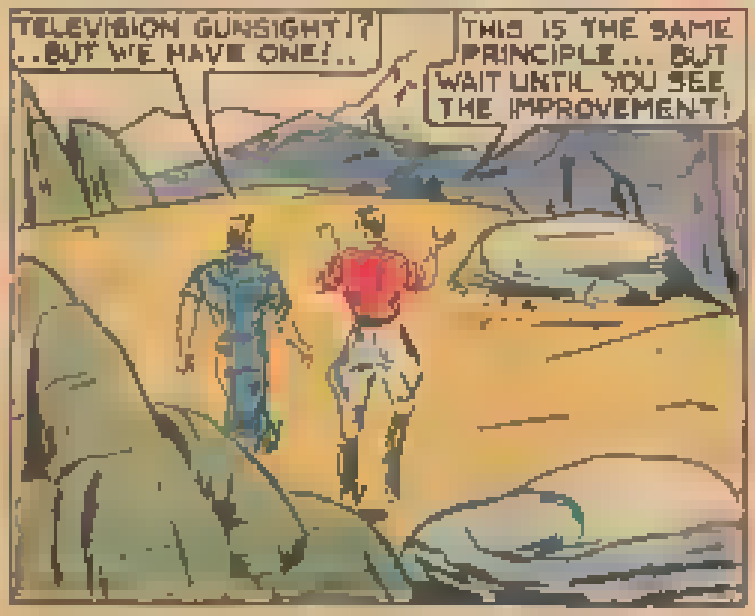





STRATOSPHERE
JIM
AND HIS
FLYING FORTRESS
IN THE SECRET HANGAR OF THE FLYING FORTRESS... DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.... JIM HAS BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY OVER SOME PLANS.


WELL, CHIEF, WHAT'S YOUR LATEST BRAINSTORM?.. A ROCKET SHIP TO MARS?!...


NOT YET, HARRY... BUT I'VE JUST FINISHED A PLAN FOR THE NEW TELEVISION GUNSIGHT.


TELEVISION GUNSIGHT!? ..BUT WE HAVE ONE!..
THIS IS THE SAME PRINCIPLE... BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE IMPROVEMENT!


NOW WE CAN USE IT AS A LONG DISTANCE GUNSIGHT, AND AN AUTOMATIC RANGE FINDER AS WELL... LOOK...

FLYING FORTRESS

AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THIS TELESCOPIC GUNSIGHT IS USED FOR ALL SHOTS *BELOW* THE PLANE... THERE IS A CHIEF GUNNER OPERATING EACH BOARD... ONE CONTROLS ALL THE *LOWER* GUNS, THE OTHER, ALL THE *UPPER* GUNS.

PERISCOPE SHAFT THRU TOP OF PLANE WHICH RECEIVES TELEVISION RAYS

IMAGE REFLECTED ON SCREEN

SHIP'S FLYING SPEED

SHIP'S ALTITUDE

UPPER REAR GUN FIRING BUTTONS

CLOUD DISPENSER

IMAGE INTENSITY

GUNSIGHT CONTROL

ULTRA GAMMA RAY CONTROL FOR NIGHT.

TELEPHONE HEAD SET.

WIND VELOCITY METER.

ULTRA GAMMA RAY GENERATOR.

FIRING BUTTONS FOR *UPPER* FORWARD GUNS

PERISCOPE CONTROL

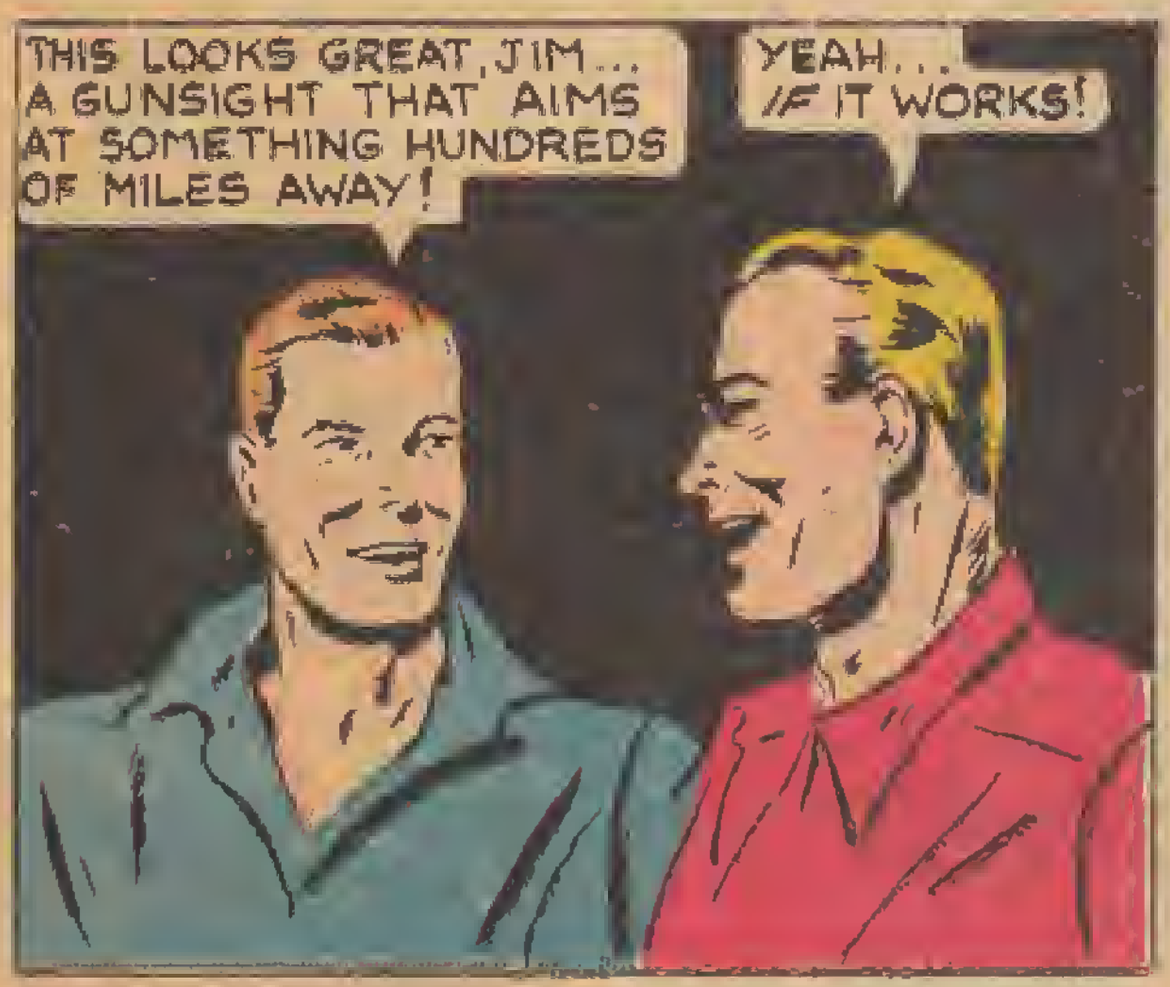
AUTOMATIC RANGE FINDER.

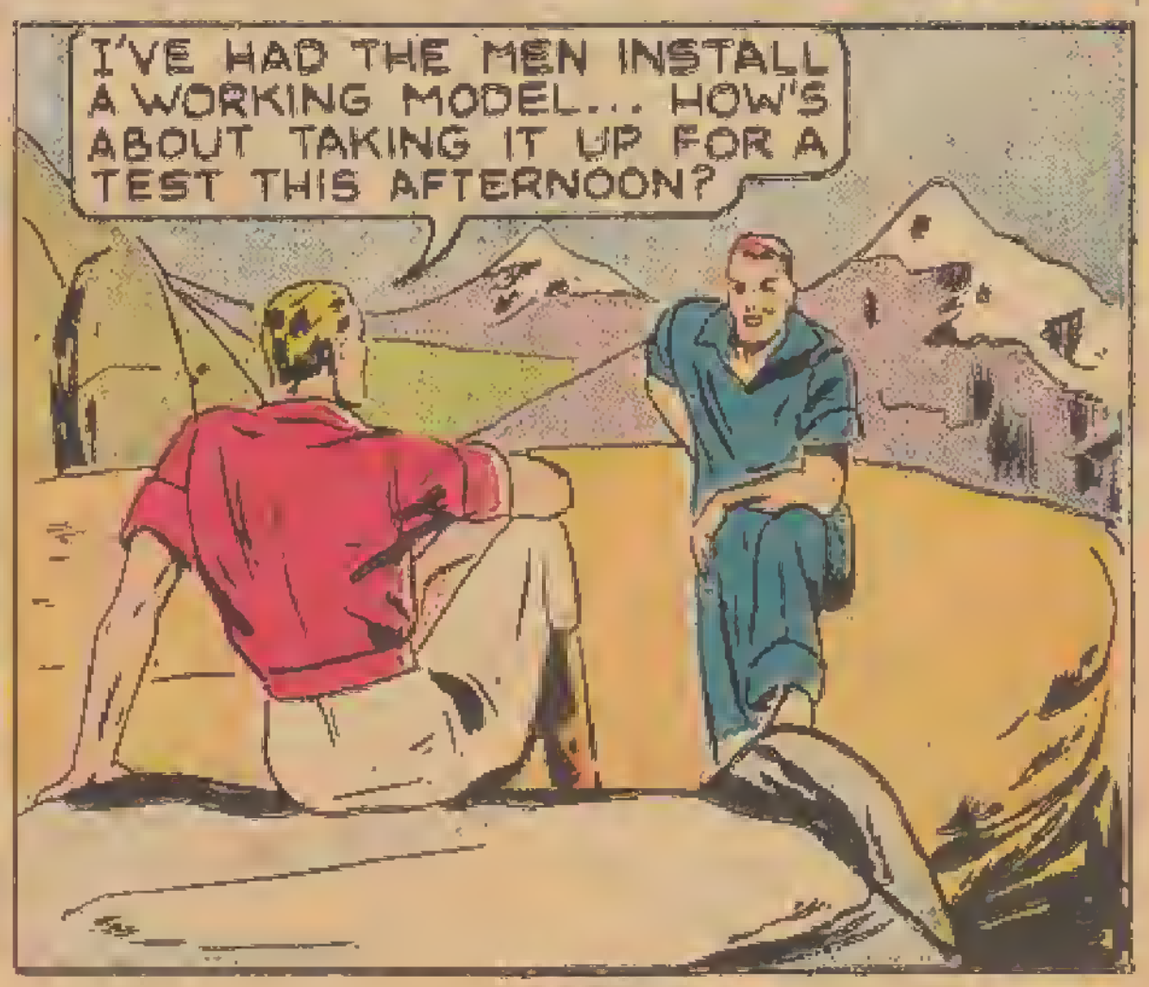
RELEASE FOR BOMBS AND TORPEDOES
**USED ONLY ON CONTROL BOARD OF THE LOWER GUNSIGHT.*

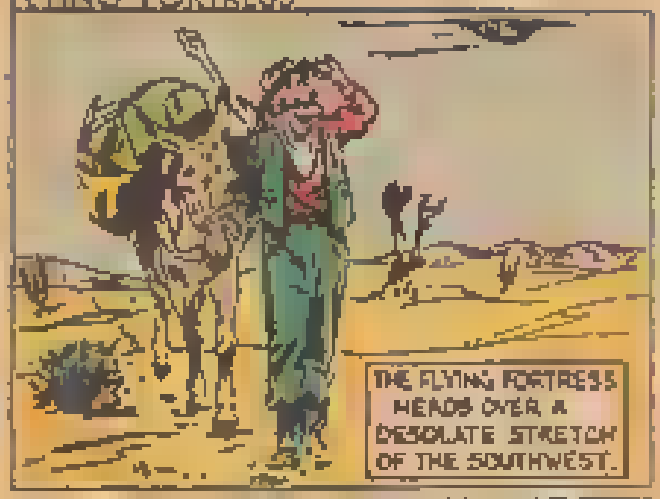
CONNECTION WHICH CARRIES ALL IMAGES TO A SMALL TELEVISION SCREEN IN THE PILOT'S CONTROL CHAMBER.

CHIEF GUNNER'S SEAT.

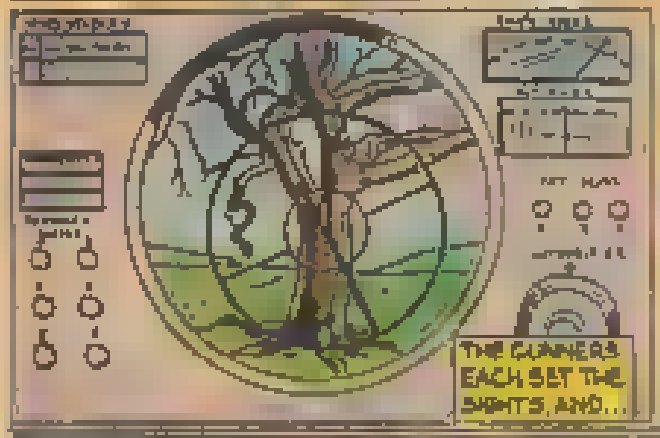
WIRES TO GUN TURRETS

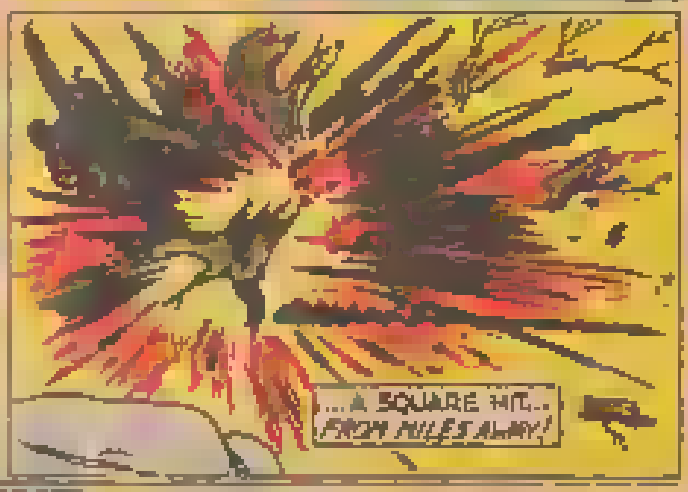


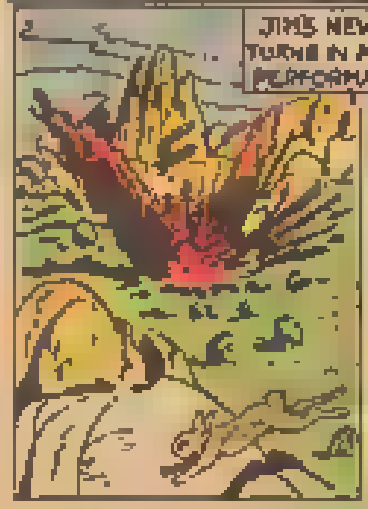


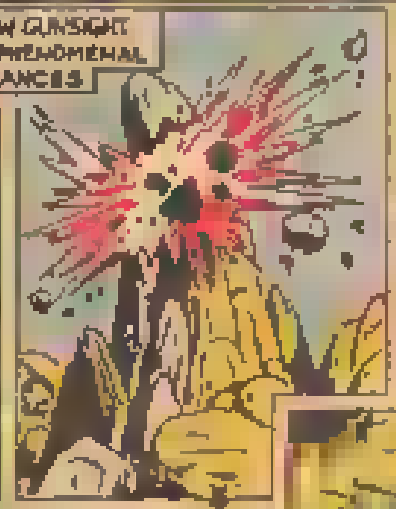

THE FLYING FORTRESS HEADS OVER A DESOLATE STRETCH OF THE SOUTHWEST.


WHEN YOU'RE READY PICK OUT SOME TREE OR ROCK AND TRY TO BLOW IT UP.
JIM CONTACTS THE GUNNERS AT THE CONTROL BOARDS.

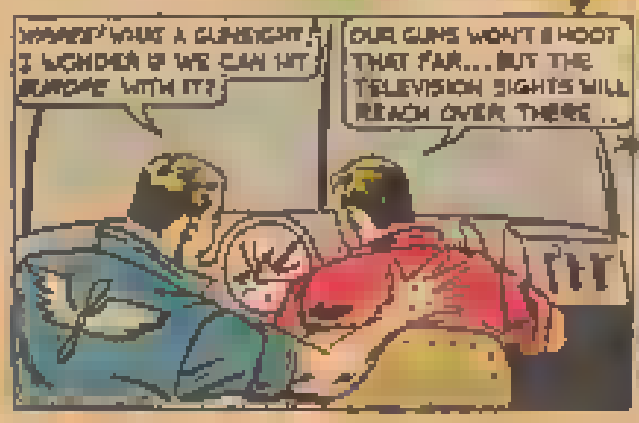

THE GUNNERS EACH SET THE SIGHTS, AND...

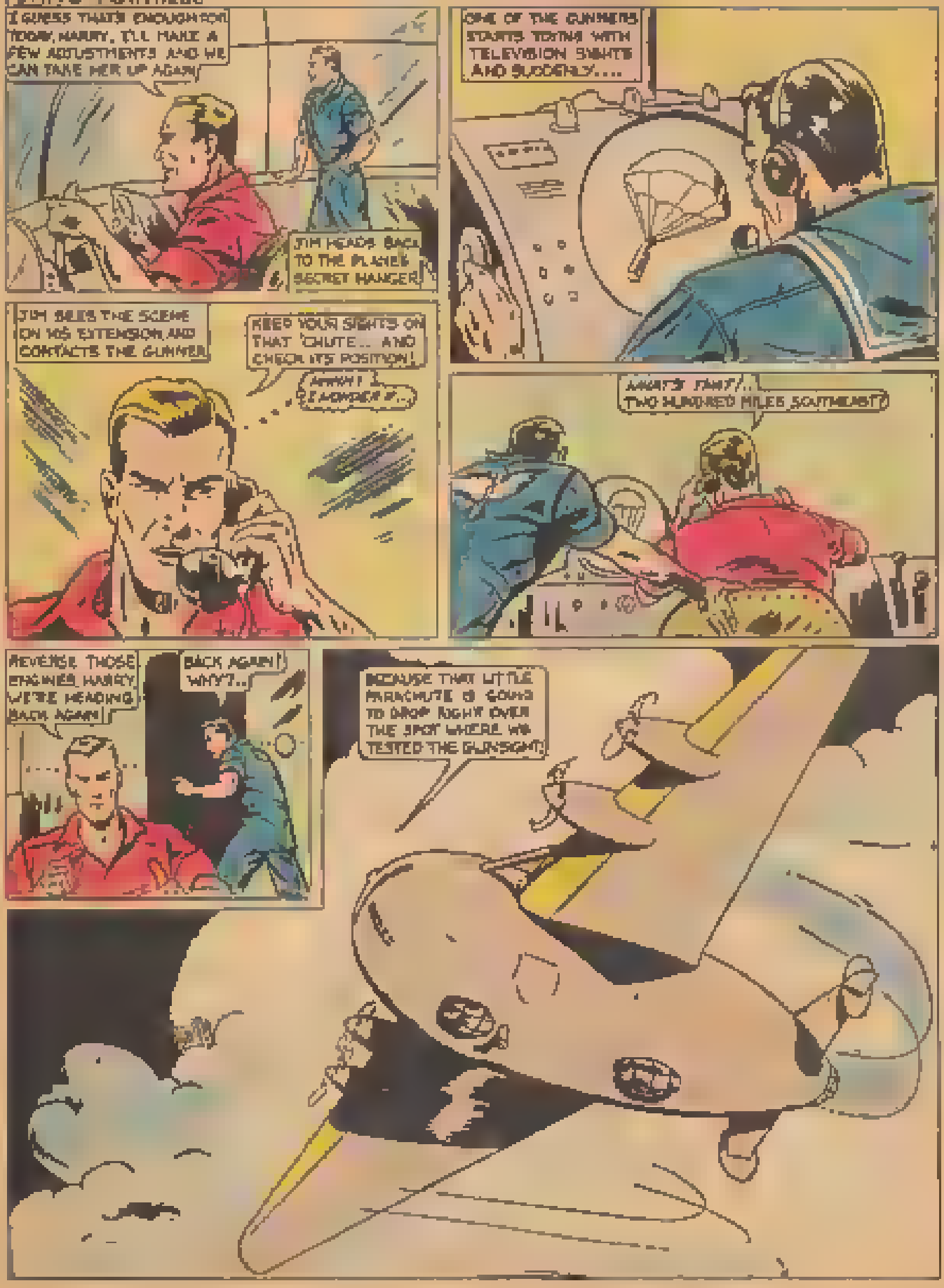

...A SQUARE HIT... FROM MILES AWAY!


JIM'S NEW GUNSIGHT TURNS IN PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCES

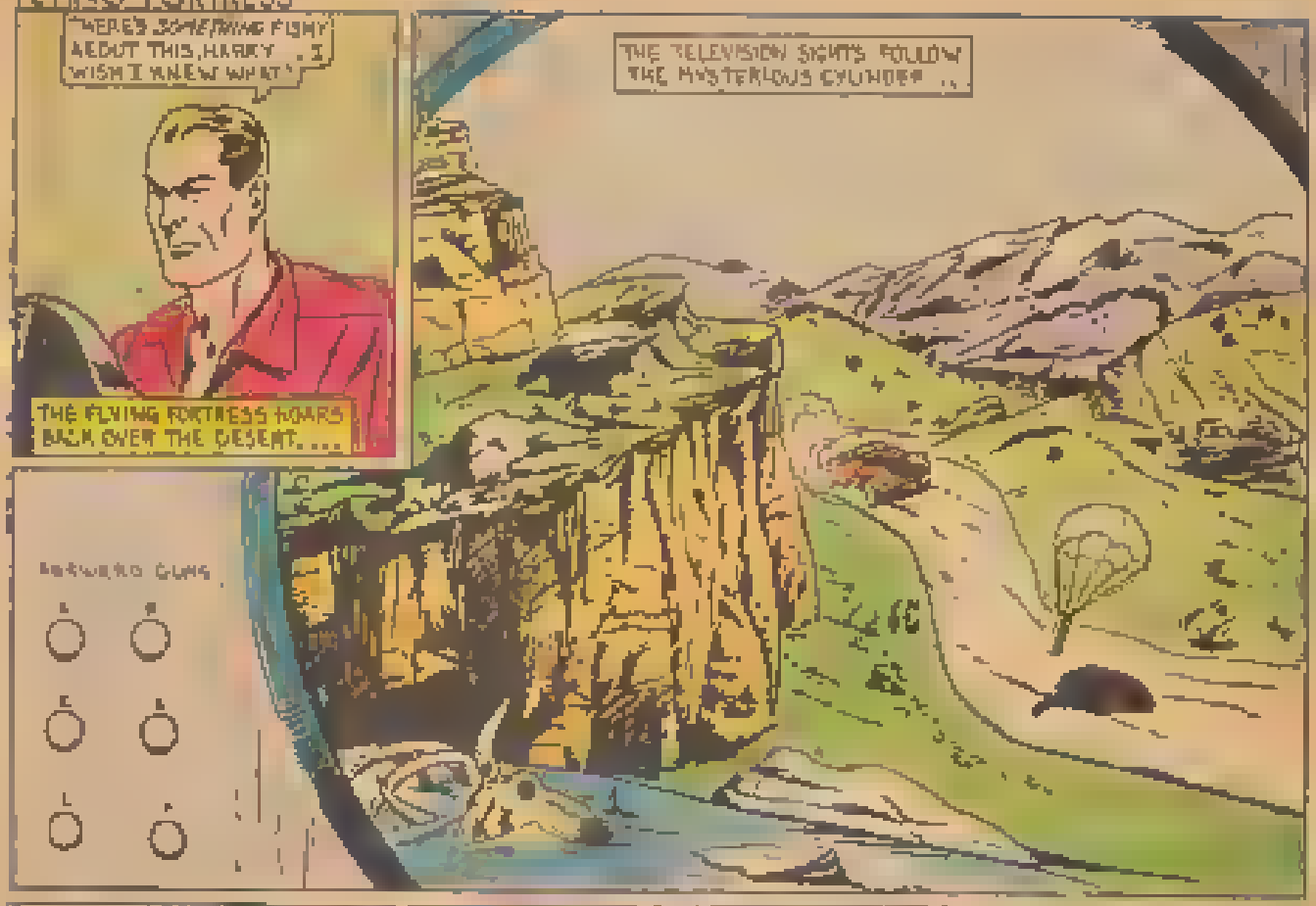


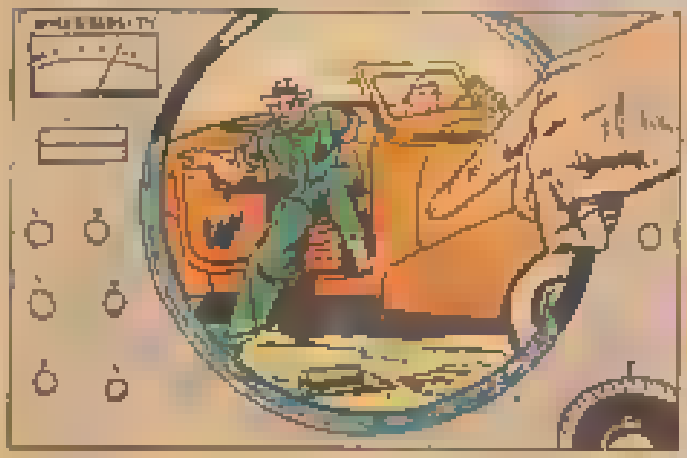

...JIM IS RIGHT! THEY SEE LONDON.

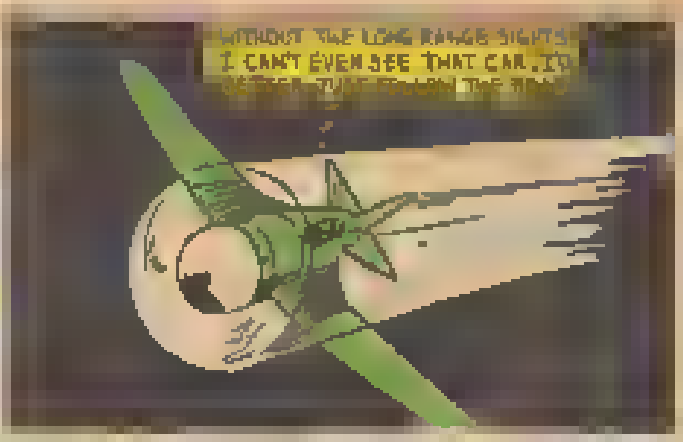

WHAT'S YOUR A GUNSIGHT? I WONDER IF WE CAN HIT EUROPE WITH IT?
OUR GUNS WON'T SHOOT THAT FAR... BUT THE TELEVISION SIGHTS WILL REACH OVER THERE...


I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, HARRY. I'LL MAKE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS AND WE CAN TAKE HER UP AGAIN!
JIM HEADS BACK TO THE PLANE'S SECRET HANGER!
ONE OF THE GUNNERS STARTS TOYING WITH TELEVISION SIGHTS AND SUDDENLY....
JIM SEES THE SCENE ON HIS EXTENSION AND CONTACTS THE GUNNER.
KEEP YOUR SIGHTS ON THAT 'CHUTE... AND CHECK ITS POSITION!
WHAT! I'LL WONDER IF...
WHAT'S THAT?... TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTHEAST?
REVERSE THOSE ENGINES, HARRY. WE'RE HEADING BACK AGAIN!
BACK AGAIN! WHY?...
BECAUSE THAT LITTLE PARACHUTE IS GOING TO DROP RIGHT OVER THE SPOT WHERE WE TESTED THE GUNSIGHT!

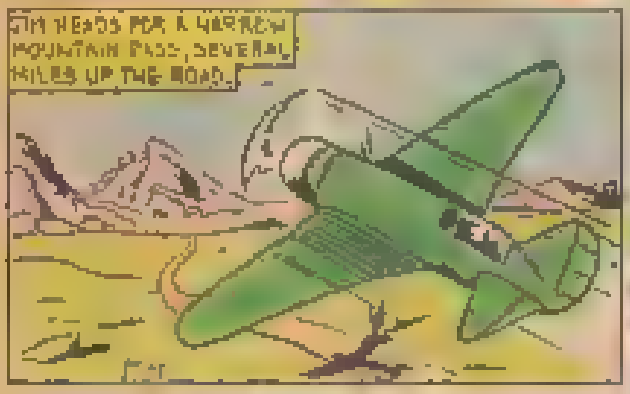
FLYING FORTRESS





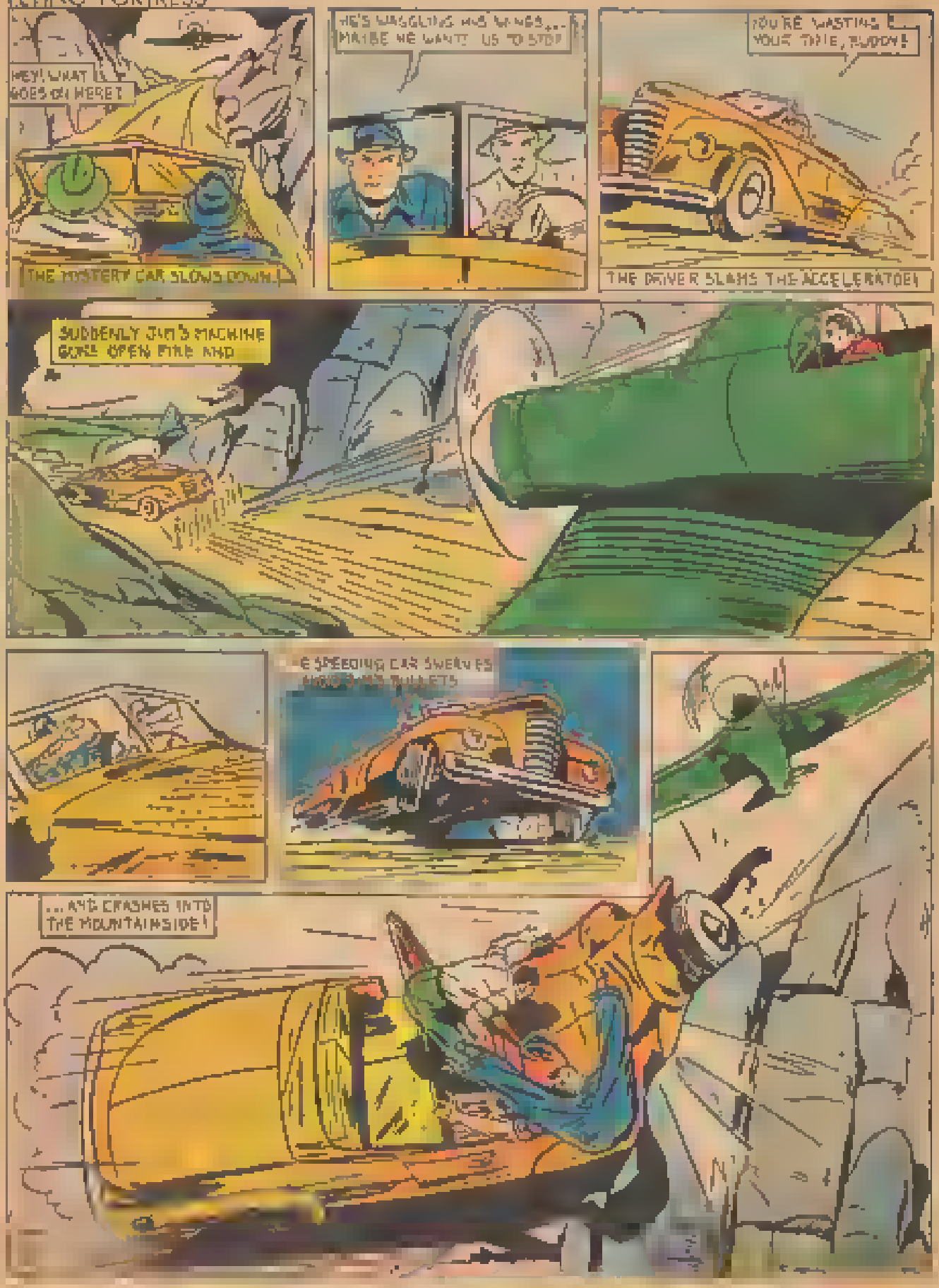

WITHOUT THE LONG RANGE SIGHTS
I CAN'T EVEN SEE THAT CAR, TO


AT LAST JIM SIGHTS THE FLEEING ROADSTER ...

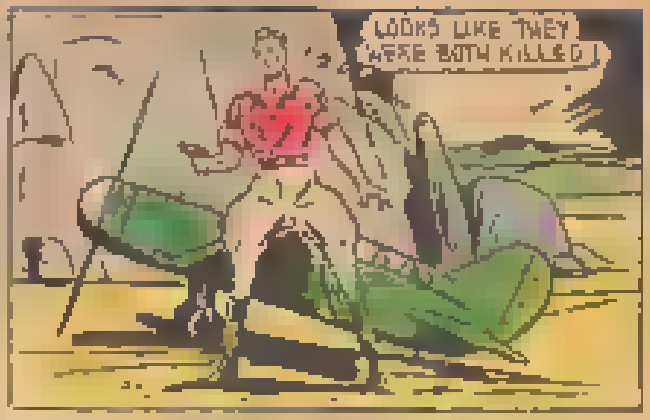

JIM HEADS FOR A NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS, SEVERAL MILES UP THE ROAD.

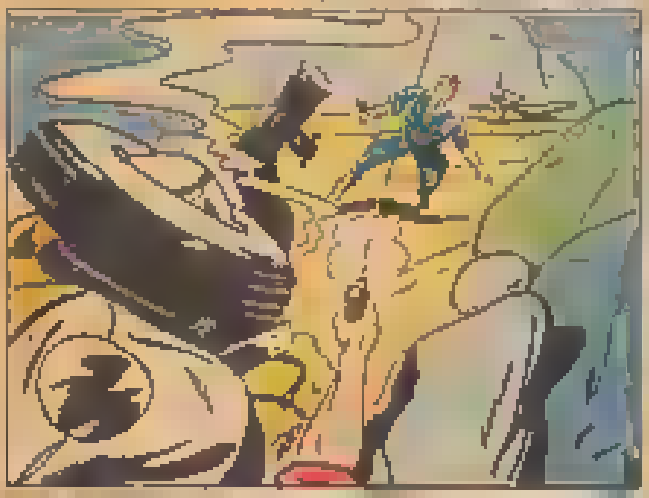

NOW LET'S SEE IF
THROUGH!
USING HELICOPTER PROPELLERS
JIM KEEPS THE
ABOVE THE ROAD

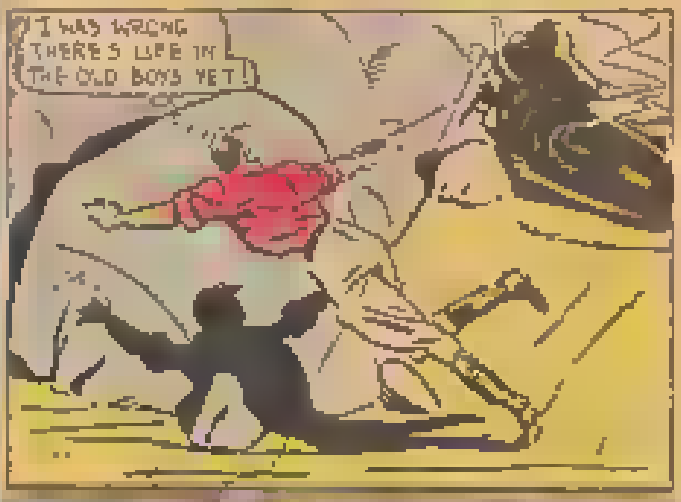
FLYING FORTRESS

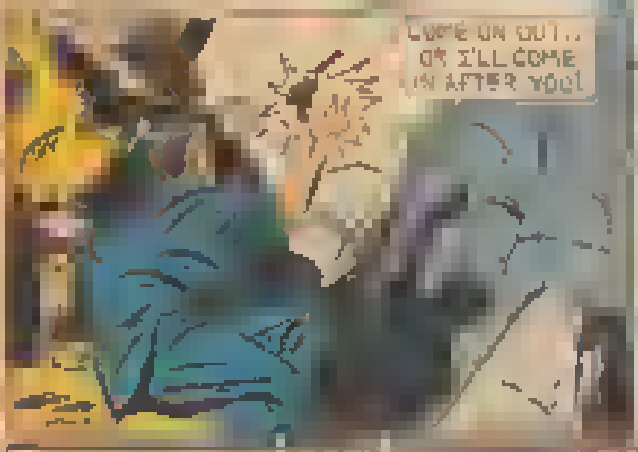



JIM BRINGS HIS PLANE DOWN SWIFTLY


LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE BOTH KILLED!




I WAS WRONG THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD BOYS YET!

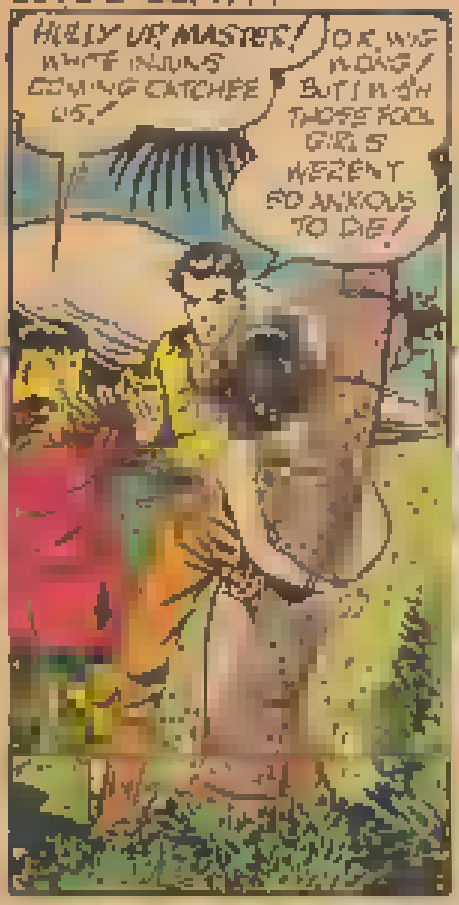

COME ON OUT... OR I'LL COME IN AFTER YOU!


GIVE ME THAT METAL CYLINDER


WH.. WHY THESE ARE PHOTOS OF MY TELEVISION GUNSIGHT!.. WHERE DID YOU GET THESE!

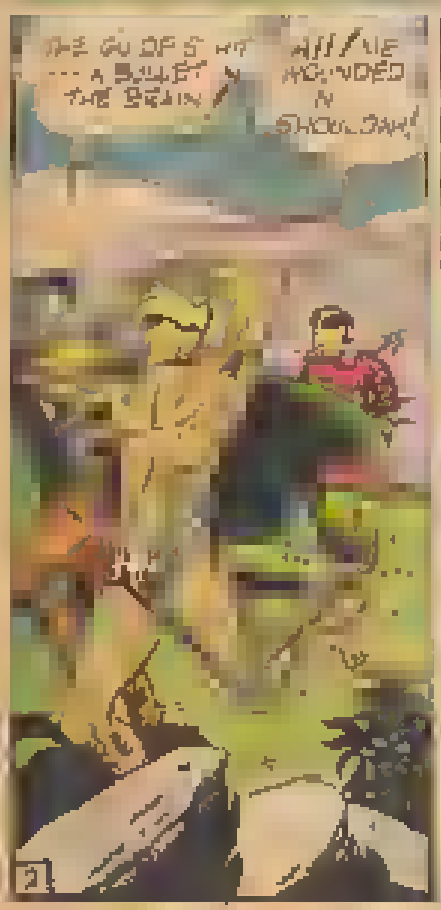

NOT TALKING, EH? WELL, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DROPPED FROM MY PLANE ... AND THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING! .... THERE'S A SPY IN OUR MIDST!..

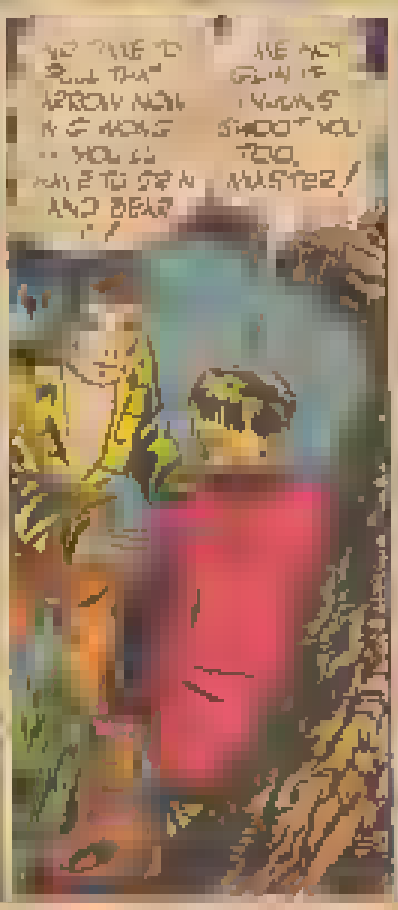

CLYDE BEATTY
DRAWN BY Jim Gamber
CLYDE BEATTY HAS BEEN HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER. HE STUMBLES UPON A TRIBE OF WHITE SLAVERS WHO MAKE HIM PRISONER... ALONG WITH HIS NATIVE GUIDE AND HIS CHINESE BOY WONG....
HOW LONG TIME YOU THINKEE WE GOT, MASTER, BEFORE WHITE MANG COME TO THROW US IN VOLCANO?
NOT MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES... TO JUDGE BY THE YELLING OVER THERE IN THE VILLAGE.
THEY ENOUGH TO CUTTEE MY HANDS LOOSE WITH LATOR THEN ME CUTTEE YOU...
WHAT? YOU HAD A RAZOR HIDDEN IN YOUR SLEEVE? THAT GIVES US A CHANCE—
ONCE IN POSITION WONG'S RAZOR SLICES QUICKLY THRU THE ROPES...
YOU CUT THE GUIDE LOOSE NEXT—I'LL FREE THE GIRLS!
GALS NOT WANTEE GET FREE, MASTER. THEY WANTEE DIE TO SACRIFICE IN VOLCANO.
I'LL HAVE YOU TWO FREE IN A JIFFY... THEN WE'LL ALL CLEAR OUT!
NO! GO AWAY! YOU MUST NOT TOUCH ONE SACRIFICED TO THE VOLCANO GOD!
AI-EEE! THE STRANGERS ESCAPE!


HELLY UP, MASTER! WHITE INJUNS COMING CATCHEE US!
O.K. WIG WONG! BUT I WISH THOSE FOOL GIRLS WEREN'T SO ANXIOUS TO DIE!


LUN, MASTER! INJUNS GETTING READY FO' SHOOTEE!
THEY'RE BUM SHOTS... AND WE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT IN A SECOND!

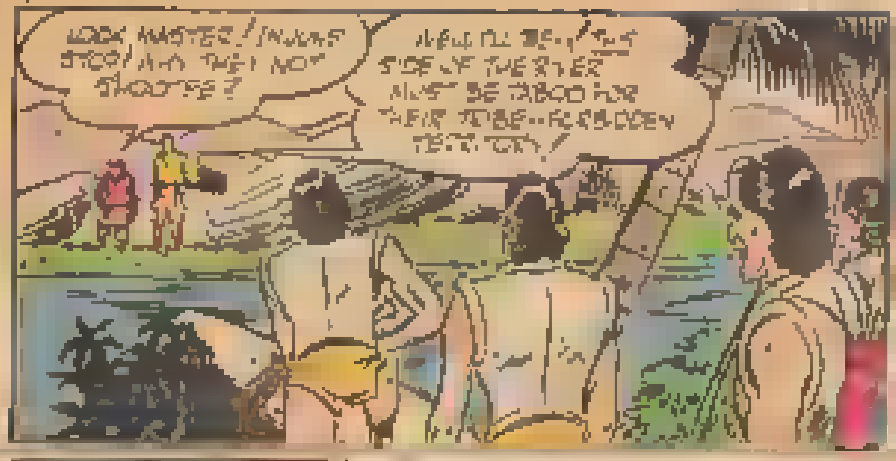

KILL! THE CAPTIVES OF THE VOLCANO GOD MUST NOT ESCAPE!

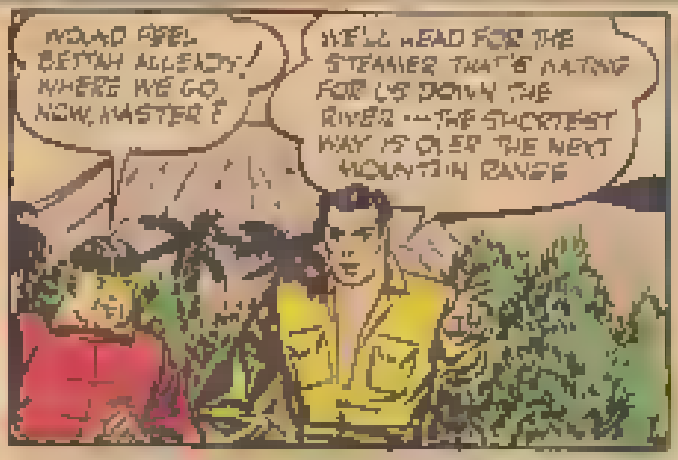

THE GUN OF S HT ... A BULLET IN THE BRAIN!
AIII! WE WOUNDED IN SHOULDAH!

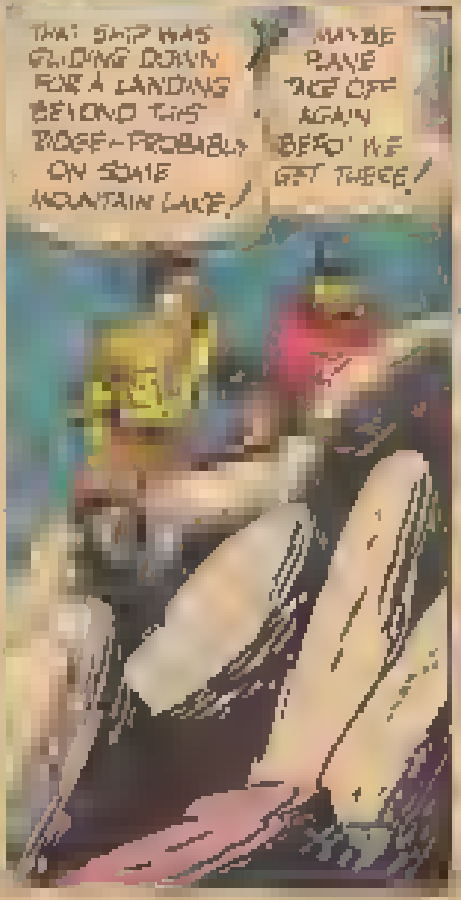

NO TIME TO BULL THAT ARROW NOW IN S HONG .. YOU'LL HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT!
WE NOT GRIN IF INJUNS SHOOT YOU TOO, MASTER!


YOU, SAVE ME MASTER! YOU LUN FAST.. GET AWAY FLEE!
NOTHING DOING, WIG WONG! I'LL SAVE YOU FROM THOSE FOOL WORSHIPPERS OR DIE TRYING!

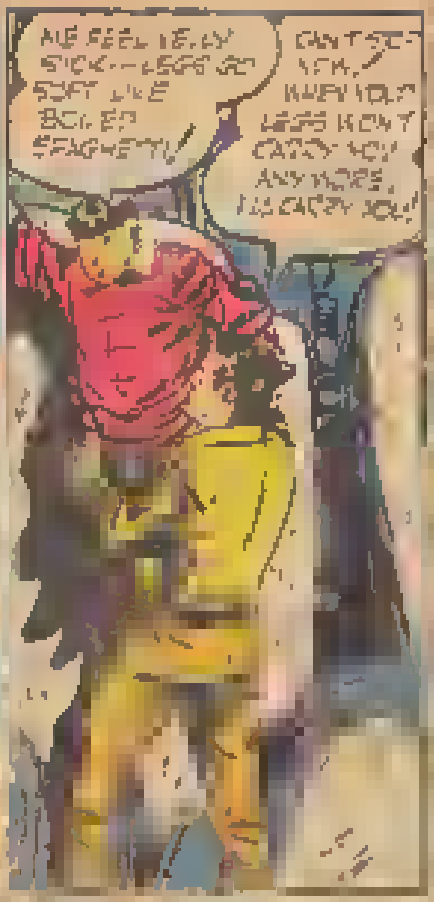
CLYDE BEATTY

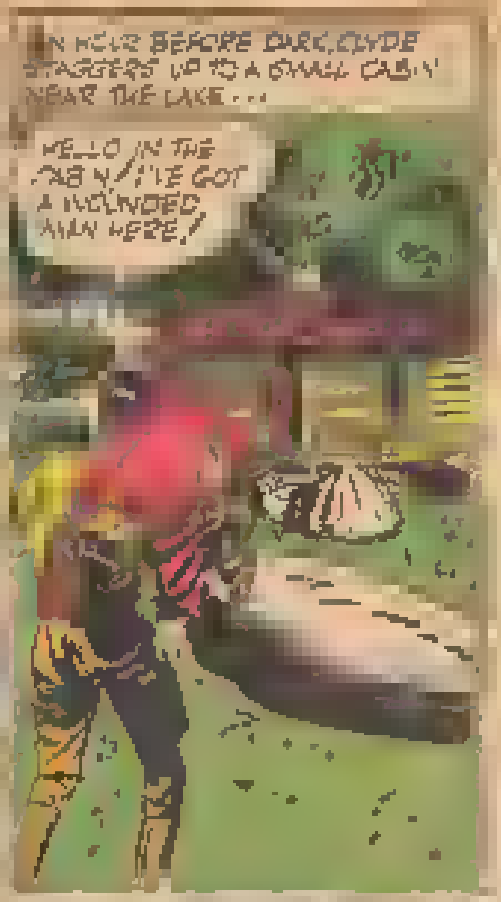


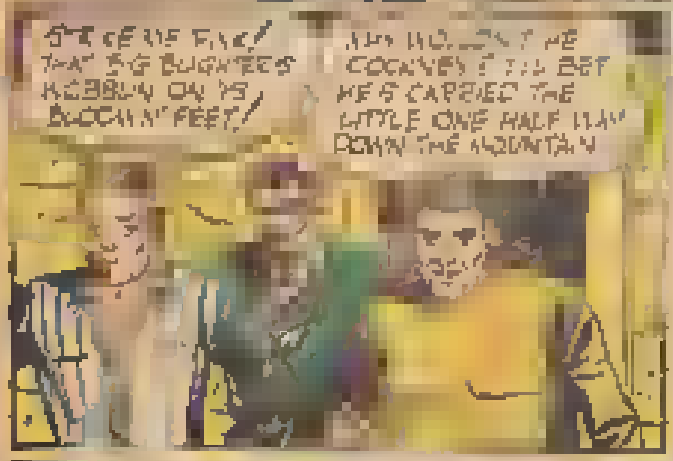


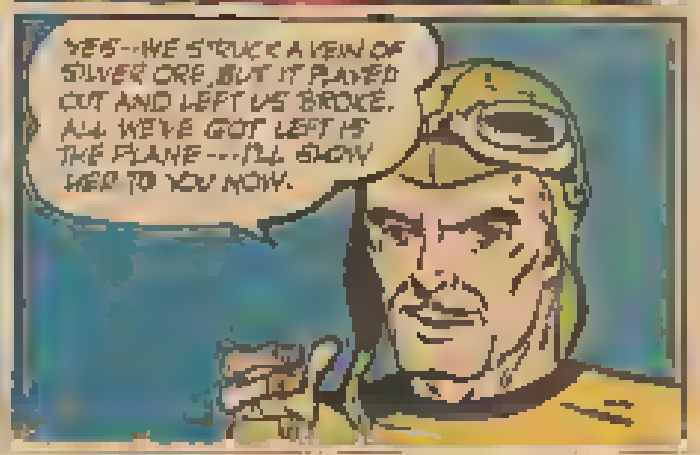


CLYDE BEATTY

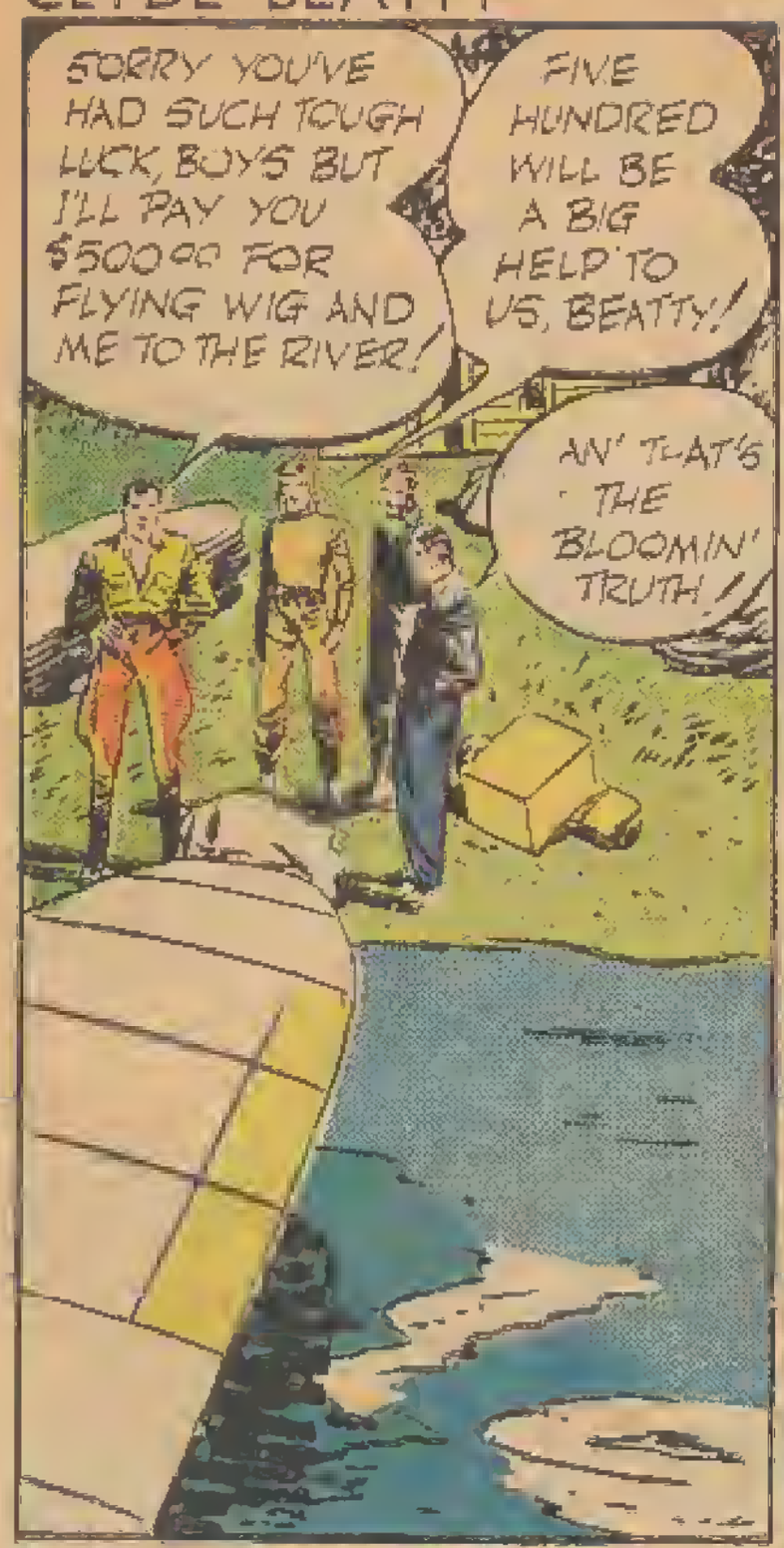


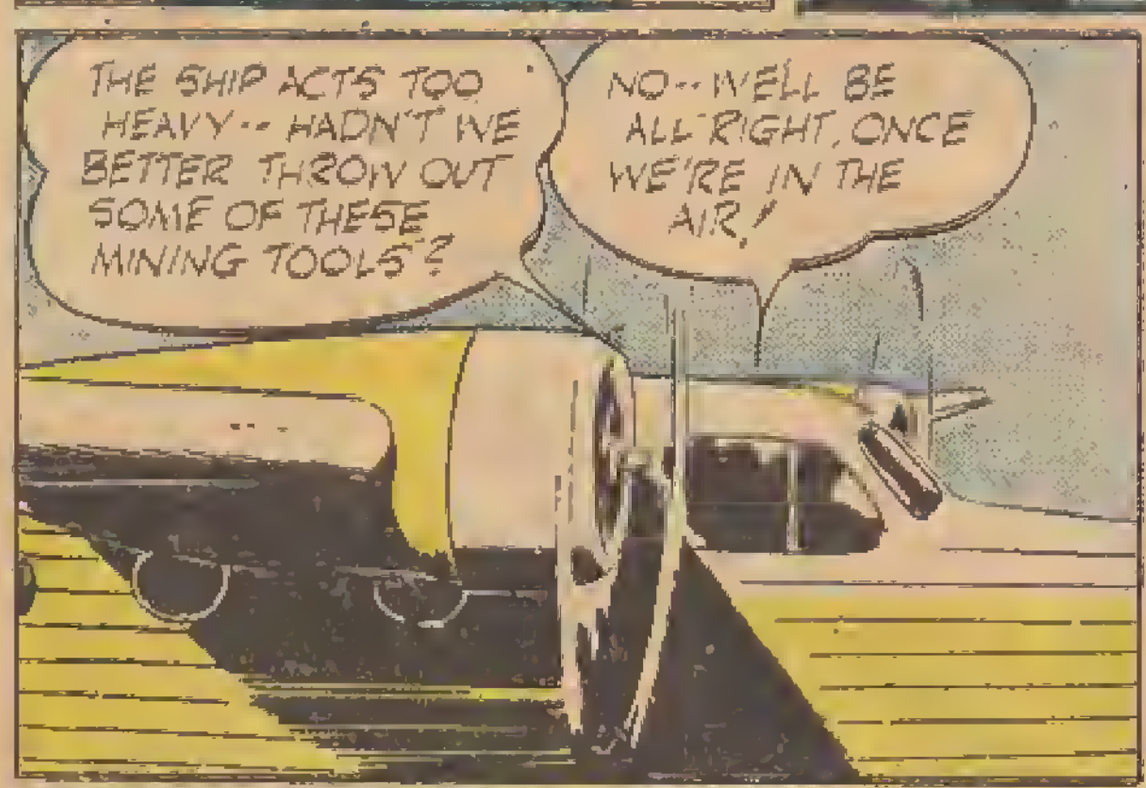


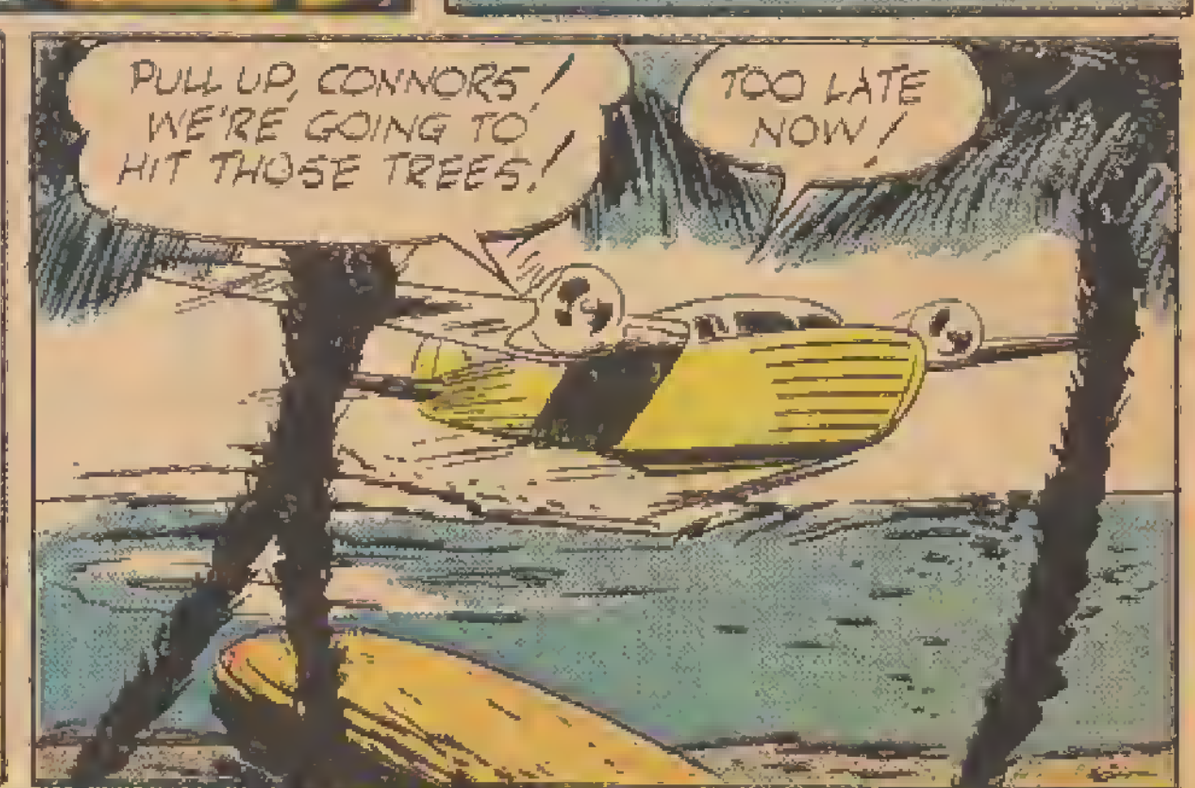


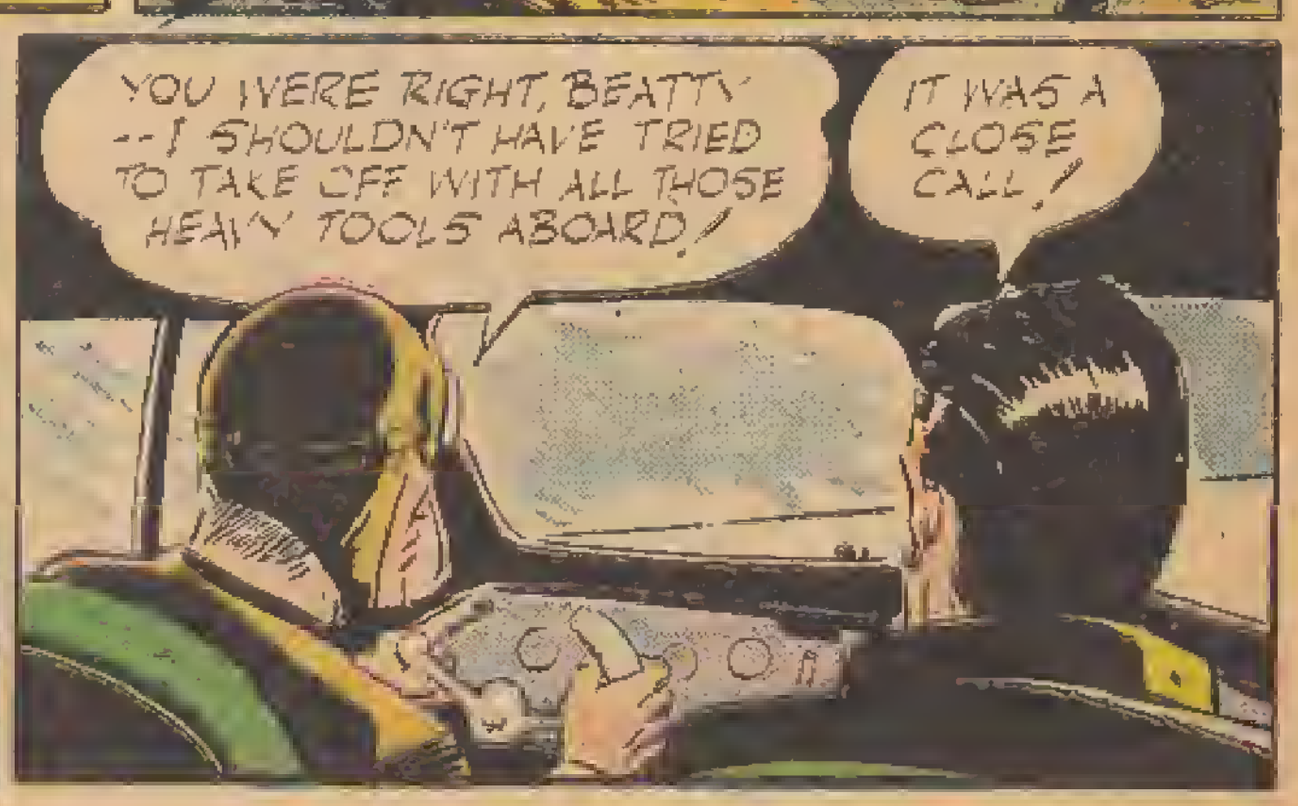


CLYDE BEATTY

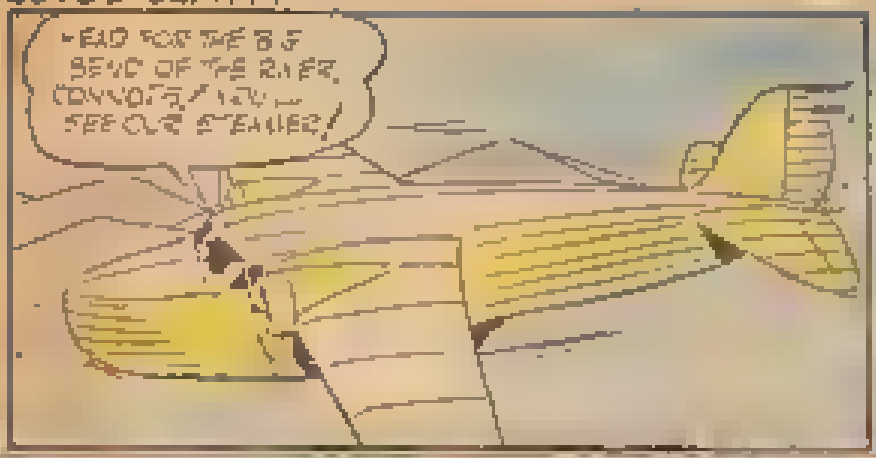


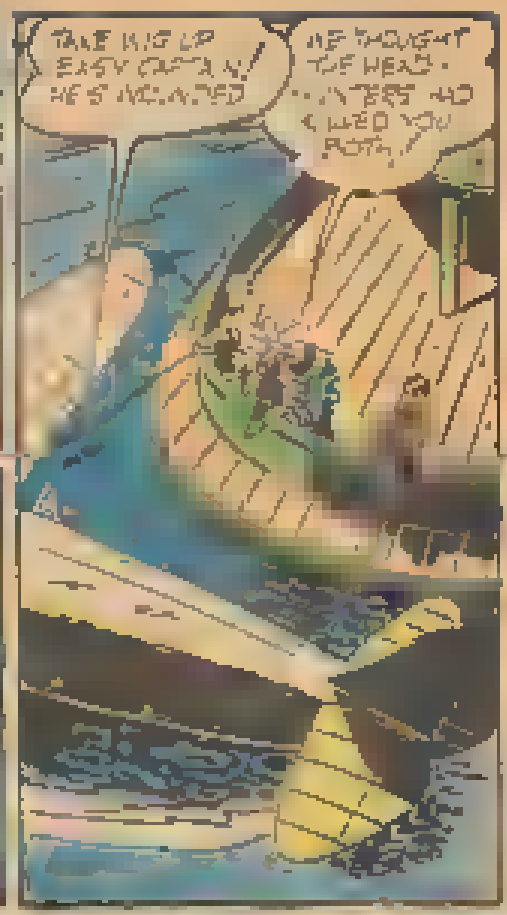


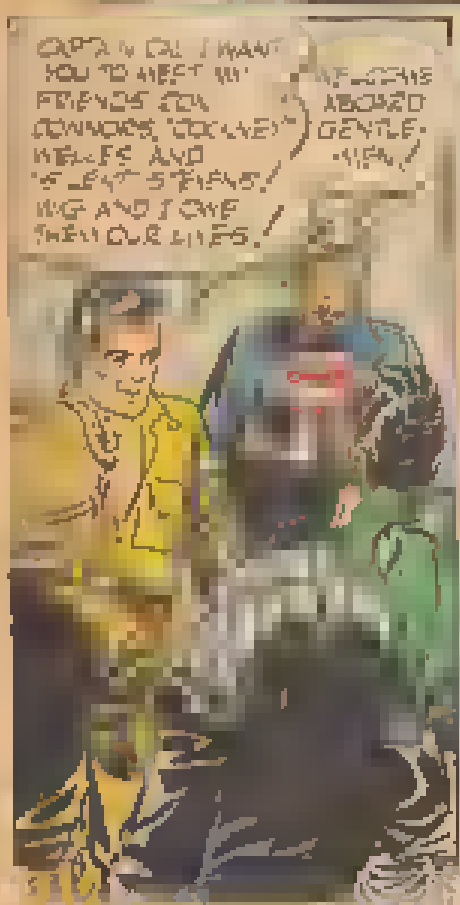


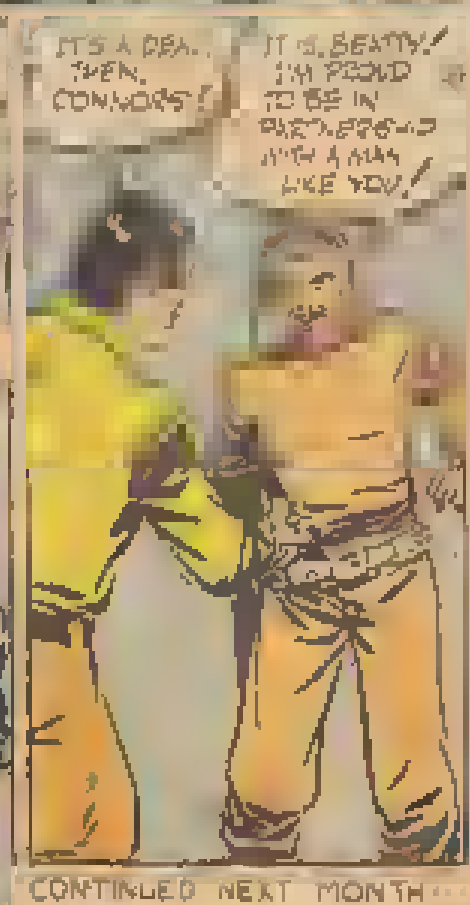


CLYDE BEATTY









CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...

SMOKEY STOVER

CLIPPED BY THE BILL HOLMAN CUTOONISTS

HOT FOO! – MY NEW INVENTION'S FINISHED AT LAST – IF IT WORKS I'LL MAKE A MILLION!

WHO STEALS MY FOO BYEAS TREAS

OH BOY! – THE CHIEF'S GETTING DROWSY – AS SOON AS HE FALLS ASLEEP I'LL TRY IT OUT!

FOO THE WEAL AMAGEVIII

HERE'S WISHING ME LUCK – WHEN THIS IS OVER CASH U. NUTT WILL BE A NEW MAN!

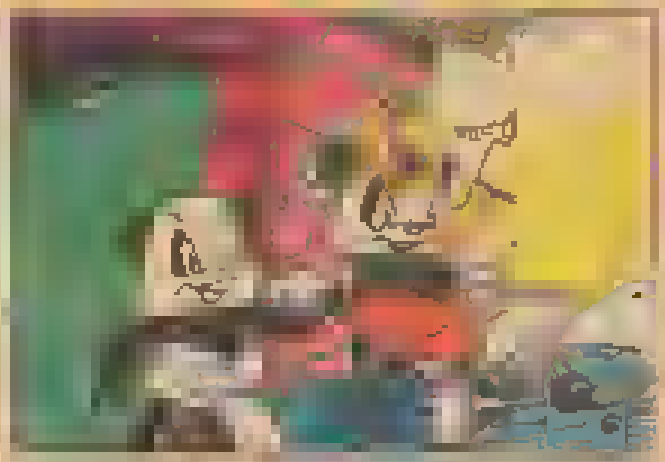
OUCH
SNIP
SNIP
CHOP
CHOP
OOOW!
BRRR
WHIRR
SNIP – CLIP
CHOP
HALP
OWOW!
OW!

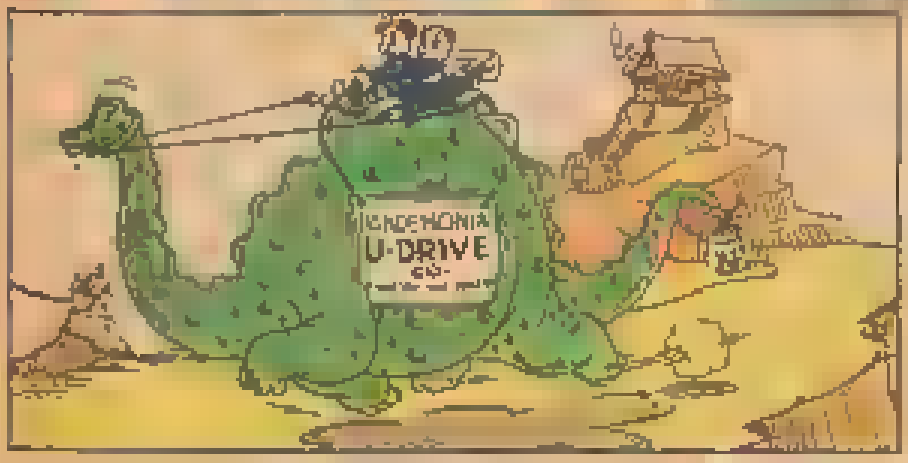
I GET THE TOUGHEST BREAKS – EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME – I THOUGHT SURE I HAD MY ELECTRIC HAIR CUTTER PERFECTED!

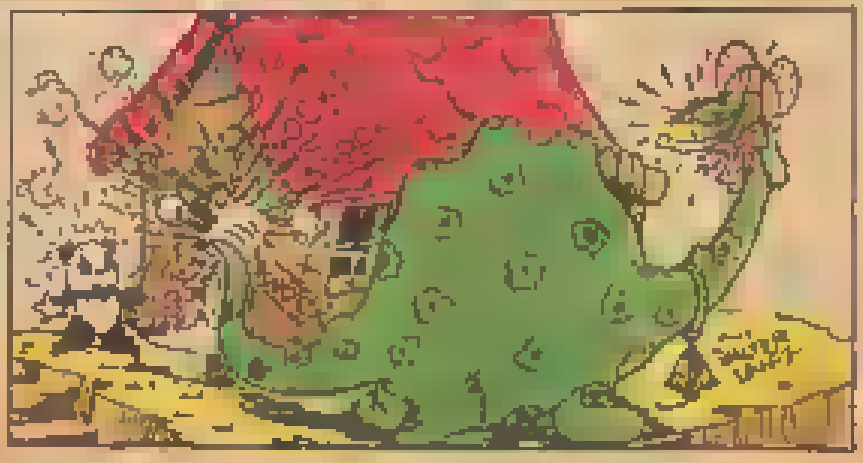
FOO-LOSOPHY

DON'T GO BAREHEADED DURING WINTER. IT'S EASIER TO CHECK A HAT THAN A COLD.

WALTER LANTZ Presents ANDY PANDA



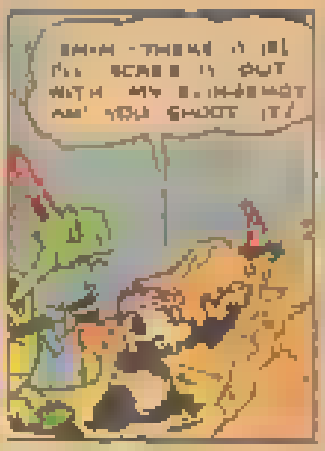


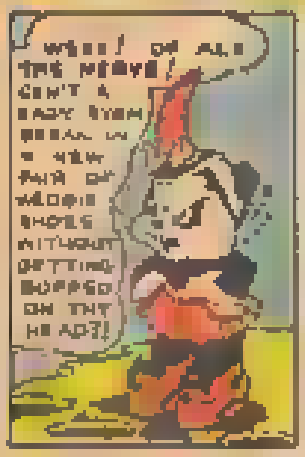


ANDY PANDA


NOT NOW! LOOKIT THEM FOOTPRINTS! BELIEVE EM' TH' LINES OF 'EM BEEN!
IT'S FOLLOW THEM AN' SEE WHAT IT IS!


BE CAREFUL! SOMA THAT'S DAYTIN' CLOSER!


SHH - THERE IS IT! I'LL SCARE IT OUT WITH MY BLUNDERBUSS AN' YOU SHOOT IT!


WHEW! OH ALL THE NERVE! CAN'T A BABY EVEN BREAK IN A NEW PAIR OF MOCCIS SHOES WITHOUT GETTING BOPPED ON THE HEAD?!

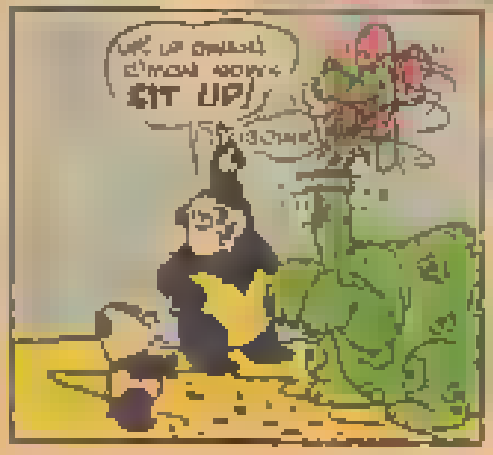

ANDY! BE A GOOD BOY AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE FLIES
O.K., POP!


DINNER'S READY! COME AND GET IT!


OH BOY! I'M A HUNDRED!


DADDY! YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A THING!


WHAT CHA DOIN' DADDY?
I'M TRYIN' TO TEACH DIGGS SOME NEW TRICKS


OH LA DIDDLE! C'MON DOWN! SIT UP!
SIT!


WHAT? GUESS NOW OVER AND PLAY DEAD!


ANDY! HELP! GET ME OUTTA HERE!
OH HOOT!

The BACKWARD HERO

Tubby Parker was feeling pretty blue. This was his last year in school and he had been pretty much of a flop as a football hero. When he had first reported for practice in his first year, he had enjoyed all sorts of visions—his name in the headlines, his picture on all the sports pages and unstudiously admiring glances from all the girls.

"Gee," he mused, "there's been no headlines for me—not even my name in the paper—except that time two years ago when I fumbled on the two yard line and Tech beat us 7 to 6. Somehow or other, Coach Burns hasn't seemed to like me ever since. I've got half a mind to quit the team and give up football."

"Gosh, you can't do that!" exclaimed Piggy Short, his roommate. Piggy didn't play football. He was much too small for that. But he prided to know all about the science of the game and took great delight in offering his advice to the much sturdier, if not so brilliant, Tubby. "This is your last year. You may get your big chance. You can't let the school down."

"Yeah—get my big chance!" groaned Tubby. "That's a laugh. You know I'll never get in there as long as Flash Sparks is able to walk. I've been his understudy for three years now. That guy must be made of cast iron. He never gets hurt."

"Well, you can't tell," begged Piggy hopefully. "Maybe Flash will have to be taken out one of these games—although I hope for our sake he doesn't—I mean—er—it would be tough on Flash if he were to get hurt."

"I know what you mean, alright," grunted Tubby. "It would be tough on Central if Flash got hurt and the coach had to put me in the game. You'd like all the rest of them."

Piggy decided he had said enough for the time being. Perhaps it would be better to await developments. Central was playing the tough Tech team the next day and Tubby might get his chance after all.

When Saturday afternoon arrived, the weather seemed in tune with Tubby's droopy spirits. Rain dashed down from the skies in heavy sheets. The football field was a quagmire of water and mud. But the stands were filled with enthusiastic rooters. A mere rainstorm could not keep them away from the battle of the year.

"I might as well stay right here in this nice dry locker room," thought Tubby to himself, as he pulled on his uniform. "It's a lot better than slipping up and down on that wet substitute bench out there. I'll only get wet—in the end. Ha, ha ha. Am I funny?"

Tech kicked off to Central a few minutes later and Tubby sat dolefully on the bench as the teams settled down to a see-saw battle on the soggy field. An early fumble gave Tech its chance and after several vain attempts to advance the ball, the Tech fullback dropped back and executed a perfect field goal from the 15 yard line. Tech was four in front 3-0.

Then Central fought back. Flash Sparks threw all his fury into the play. Time after time he lugged the ball in smashing attacks into the Tech line. Shortly before the half, his effort bore fruit when he crashed over tackle from the three yard line for the precious touchdown. With the ball now heavy and soggy, the field a sea of mud, the try for extra point went slithering away at an angle, far wide of the uprights. But what matter, chided the Central rooters. Central was ahead 6 to 3.

So the game went through the third quarter and most of the fourth. Minutes were ticking away and Central was holding back every desperate effort on the part of Tech to score. Only two minutes remained now and Central had taken over on downs deep in their own territory. Suddenly, a cry went up from the stands. Flash Sparks was writhing on the ground after the first scrimmage. He was painfully hurt and his teammates bent over him anxiously.

"He't done for," muttered Doc Carter, the trainer. "It's his leg, coach. Looks like it's broken. We'll have to carry him off."

"Parker!" Coach Burns looked up and down the bench. "Parker. Get in there for Sparks right away. And for heaven's sake, keep your hands off the ball. Just get in Tech's way as much as you can and when we have to punt to them, help those boys to hold that line for the next two minutes."

Tubby Parker was on the field, joining his teammates before he really knew what had happened. He was still in a daze when he lined up with the team and heard the signals. Another smash at the line that gained nothing and it was still Central, third down and ten to go. One more try at the line and then a punt. From then on it would be a battle to keep Tech from scoring.

Tubby heard the signals vaguely. Suddenly, the ball came back from center—a bad pass—intended for another back—but it sailed right into Tubby's hands. A groan went up from the stands. "That's the guy that handed Tech the game two years ago," someone said.

Tubby stood for a moment petrified. The unexpected arrival of the ball in his arms had stunned him with surprise. But there it was, clutched firmly between his palms. At that moment, one of the Tech tackles hit Tubby like a ton of bricks. The top of his head crashed against Tubby's neck and Tubby began to see a myriad of stars twinkling before his eyes and a funny ringing filled his ears.

"Run! Run!" he heard someone yell and he realized he was still on his feet. Tubby started to run. He was loose, he was free and he turned on all his power. Suddenly, all too suddenly, he saw the goalposts before him and he tumbled between them—a touchdown!

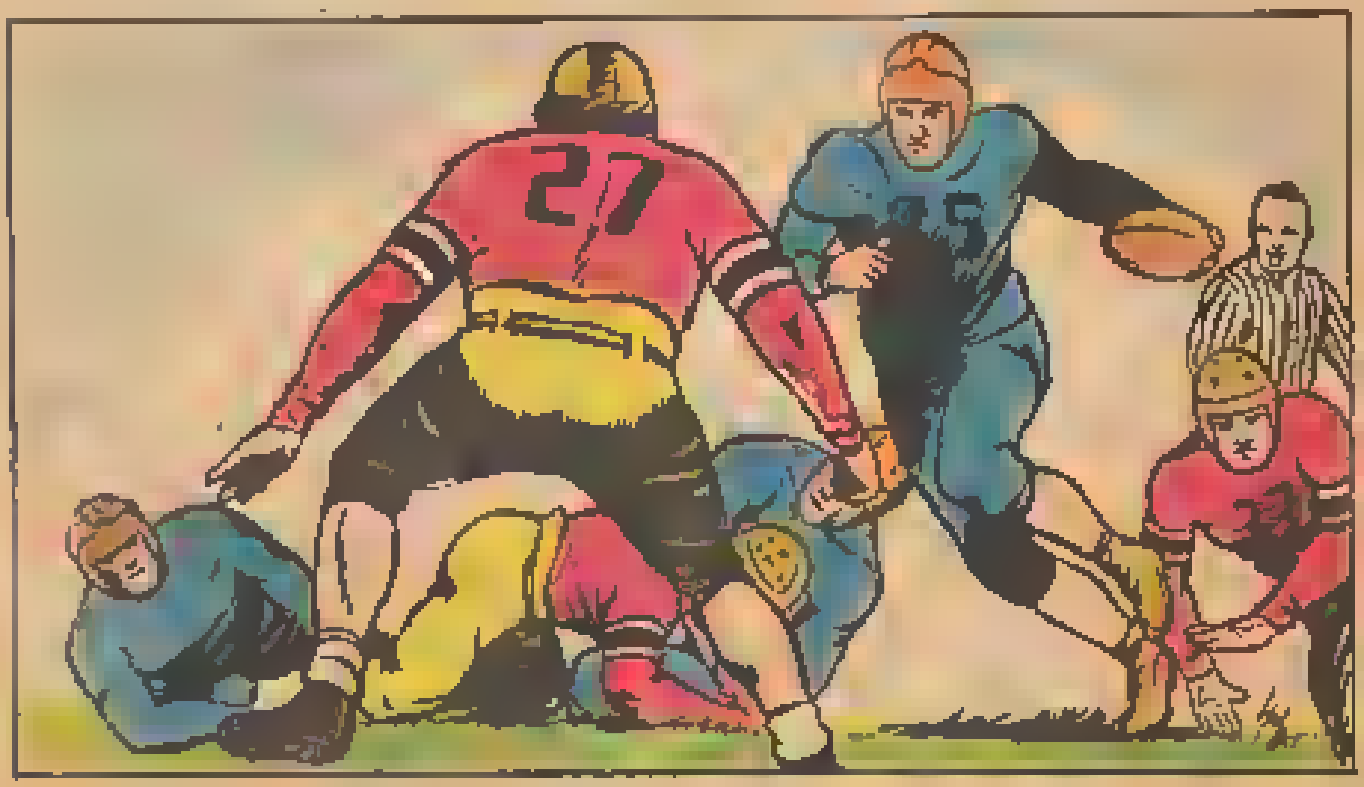
Tubby's head was clearer when he stood up. He looked around in surprise at his teammates. They weren't patting him on the back. Then he realized that he had run under his own goal posts. He had scored a safety for Tech. The score was now 6 to 5.

But Tubby's run had taken up precious minutes and Central was still ahead. They now had the privilege of kicking off to Tech and the ball soared far down the field. When the Tech runner was brought down after the kick-off, the play was deep in Tech's territory. The Tech players sensed the hopelessness of their position and their spirit sagged. A moment later, the gun signalled the end of the game.

"Parker Saves Game for Central," screamed the headlines that night. "Brainy play by Central halfback scores deliberate safety on own field and stalls Tech's late rally."

"Boy, you're a hero!" exclaimed Piggy Short. "I knew you'd do it some day. Just like I always said—it's science that counts in any game."

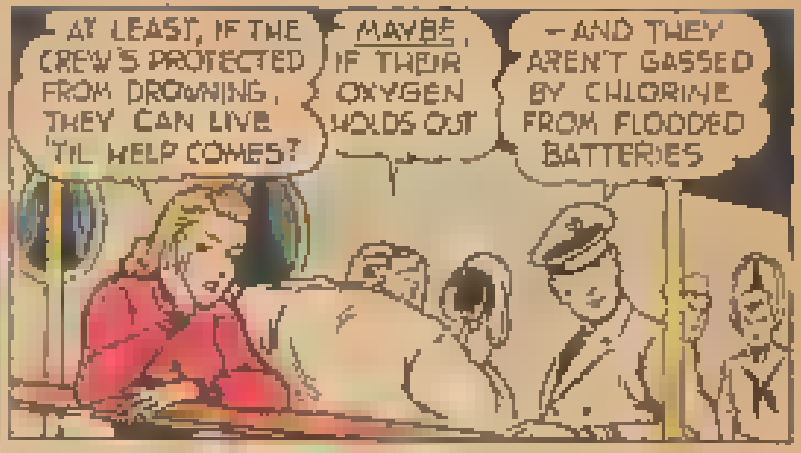
Tubby Parker said nothing. He was still in a beautiful daze.

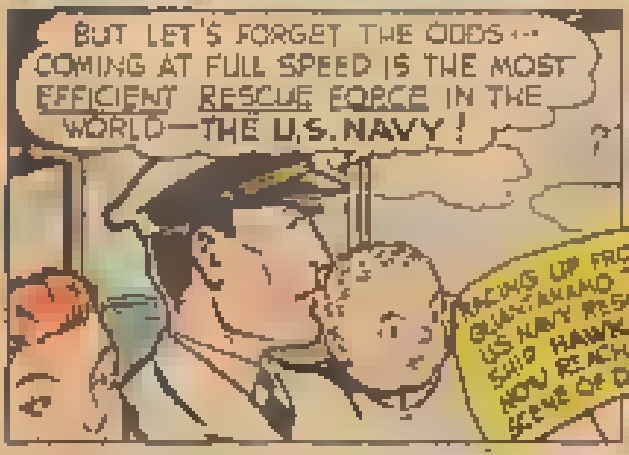



Don Winslow of the NAVY
by F V MARTINEK
WHEN THE TORPEDOES FROM OWL EYES SUB FOULED EACH OTHER, THE YACHT RETURNED FIRED AND SANK THE SUBMARINE
RED, EVEN THOUGH OWL-EYES AND HIS CREW ARE MURDEROUS RATS WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO PASS DEATH SENTENCE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!
NEAR THE U.S. NAVAL BASE AT GUANTANAMO, CUBA, UNCLE SAM'S FLEET IS ON MANEUVERS. COMES A RADIO MESSAGE TO THE COMMANDANT
"CIVILIAN-OWNED SUBMARINE DISABLED AND SUNK OFF NORTHERN CUBA"—BLISTERING BATTLEWAGONS! WHAT'S ALL THIS!?
ADMIRAL HORTON SPEAKING— ORDER THE SUBMARINE RESCUE SHIP HAWK DETACHED FROM MANEUVERS IMMEDIATELY, TO PROCEED ON URGENT RESCUE MISSION TO FOLLOWING LOCATION—
AN HOUR LATER: THE HAWK SPEEDS NORTHERN CUBA DRAFT
COMMANDER WINSLOW? DID HE SEND THAT MESSAGE?
RIGHT SAYS THIS SUB'S DOWN WEST OF HAVANA AND THE YACHT SOUTHERN CROSS IS ANCHORED OVER THE SPOT
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SOUTHERN CROSS
OH, CAPTAIN DON! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO HELP THOSE POOR MEN DOWN THERE?
NOTHING, JESSIE—EXCEPT WAIT FOR THE HAWK

DON WINSLOW


ACCORDING TO OUR CHART THE SUB'S A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET BELOW US, AND WE'VE NO WAY TO COMMUNICATE

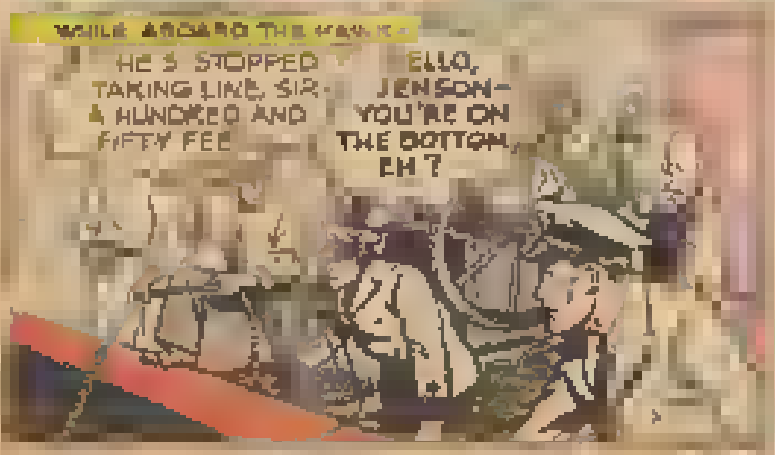

AT LEAST, IF THE CREW'S PROTECTED FROM DROWNING, THEY CAN LIVE 'TIL HELP COMES?
MAYBE, IF THEIR OXYGEN HOLDS OUT
—AND THEY AREN'T GASSED BY CHLORINE FROM FLOODED BATTERIES

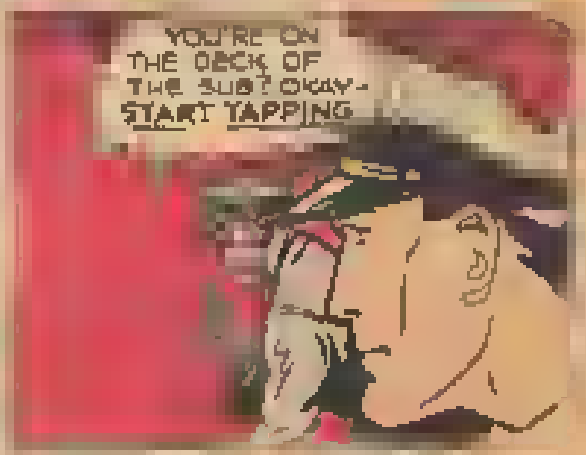

BUT LET'S FORGET THE ODDS... COMING AT FULL SPEED IS THE MOST EFFICIENT RESCUE FORCE IN THE WORLD—THE U.S. NAVY!
BACKING UP FROM GUAM, AHOY! THE U.S. NAVY RESCUE SHIP HAWK HAS NOW REACHED THE SCENE OF DISASTER


THOSE MEN SEEM TO KNOW CAPTAIN DON
NO USE KEEPING THE SECRET ANY LONGER, JESSIE. WINSLOW'S REALLY A COMMANDER IN THE NAVY

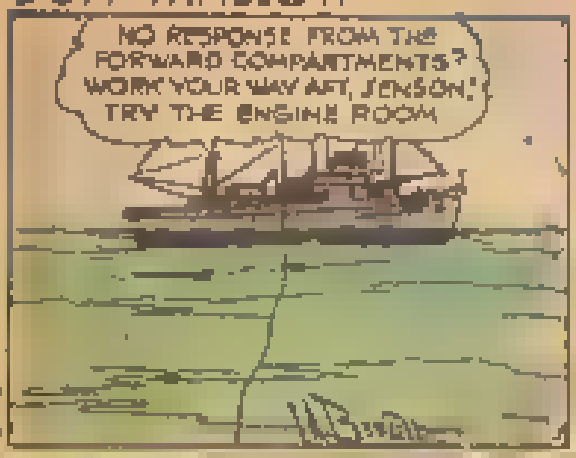

LOOK! THEY'RE IN ACTION, SENDING DOWN A DIVER TO LOCATE OWL-EYES' WRECKED SUBMARINE

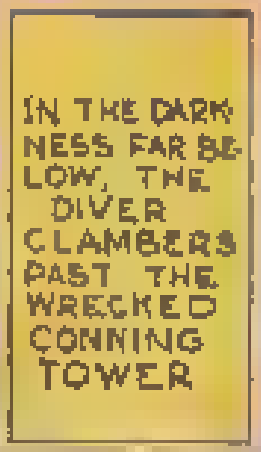

HE'LL TRY TO ANSWER THAT FIRST BIG QUESTION—"IS ANYONE LEFT ALIVE?"


WHILE ABOARD THE HAWK:
HE'S STOPPED TAKING LINE, SIR—A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEE
ELLO, JENSON—YOU'RE ON THE BOTTOM, EH?


YOU'RE ON THE DECK OF THE SUB? OKAY—START TAPPING

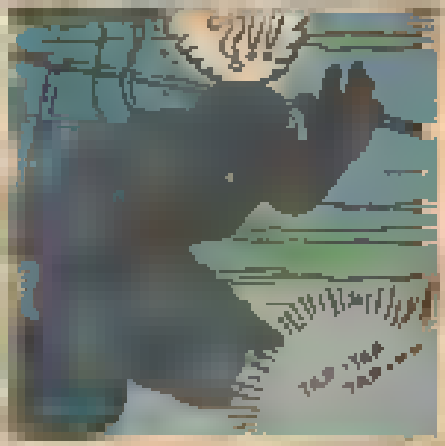
DON WINSLOW


NO RESPONSE FROM THE FORWARD COMPARTMENTS? WORK YOUR WAY AFT, JENSON! TRY THE ENGINE ROOM


IN THE DARKNESS FAR BELOW, THE DIVER CLAMBERS PAST THE WRECKED CONNING TOWER

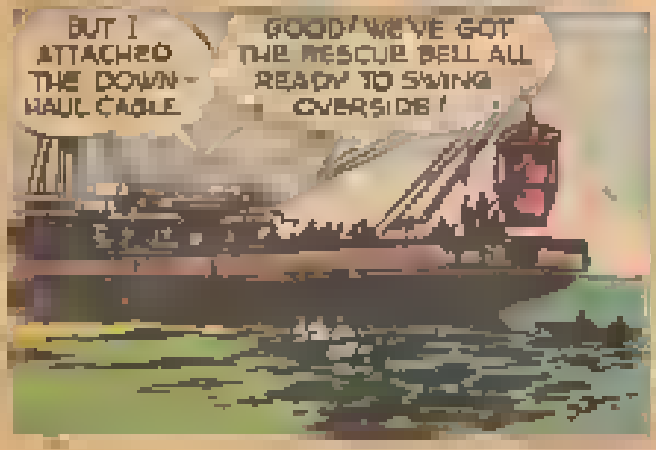

FINALLY HE REACHES THE ENGINE ROOM HATCH

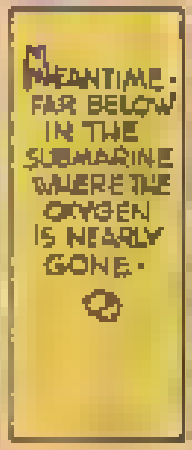

WILL THERE BE AN ANSWER?


TAP-TAP TAP-----


YOU FOUND LIFE DOWN IN THAT SUBMARINE, JENSON?
YESSIR, SOMEONE ANSWERED MY TAPS ON THE ENGINE ROOM HATCH

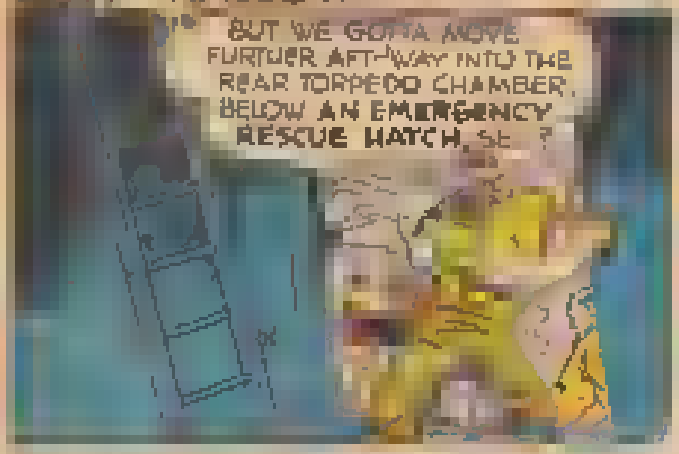

HE COULDN'T ANSWER QUESTIONS. DIDN'T SEEM TO KNOW THE MORSE CODE-

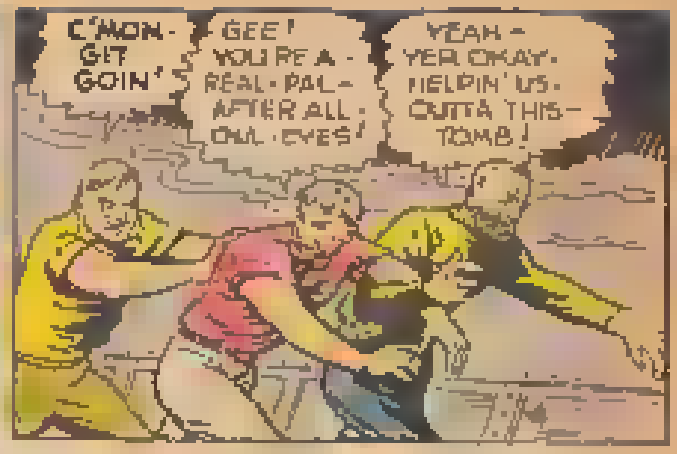

BUT I ATTACHED THE DOWN-HAUL CABLE
GOOD! WE'VE GOT THE RESCUE BELL ALL READY TO SWING OVERSIDE!


MEANTIME, FAR BELOW IN THE SUBMARINE WHERE THE OXYGEN IS NEARLY GONE.

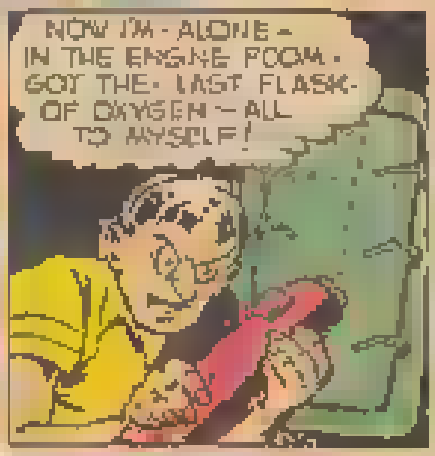

SURE I UNDERSTOOD THAT DIVER'S TAPS WE'RE ALL GONNA BE SAVED!

DON WINSLOW

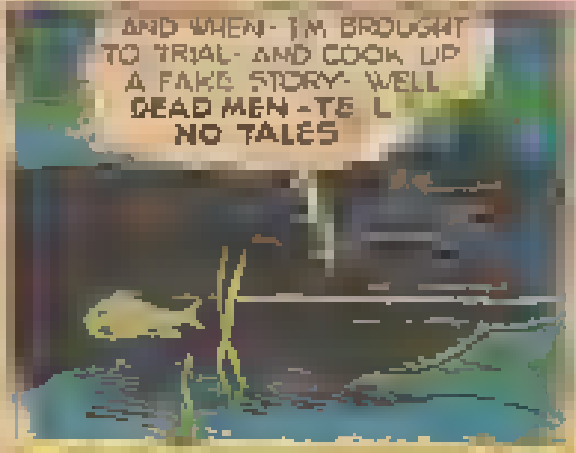

BUT WE GOTTA MOVE FURTHER AFT-WAY INTO THE REAR TORPEDO CHAMBER, BELOW AN EMERGENCY RESCUE HATCH, SEE ?

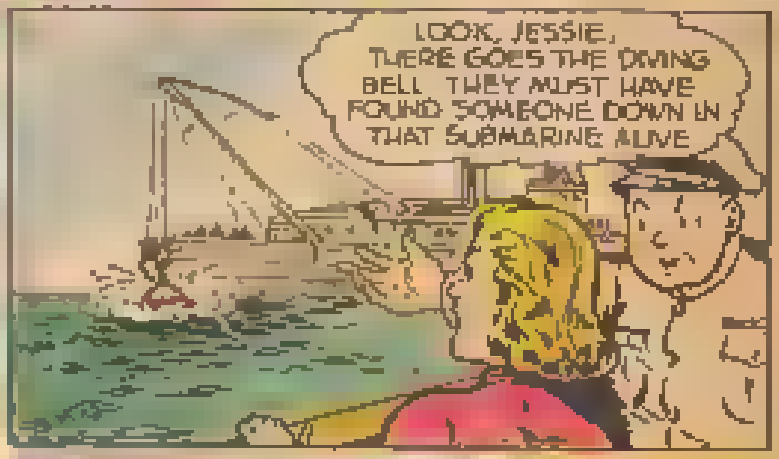

C'MON - GET GOIN'
GEE! YOU'RE A - REAL - PAL - AFTER ALL - OUL - EYES!
YEAH - YER OKAY - HELPIN' US - OUTTA THIS - TOMB!

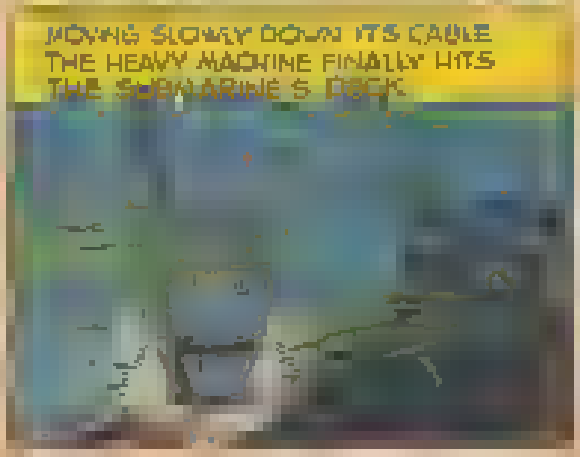

NOW, YOU DUMB LUGS - I'VE GOT YOU!
SLAM!

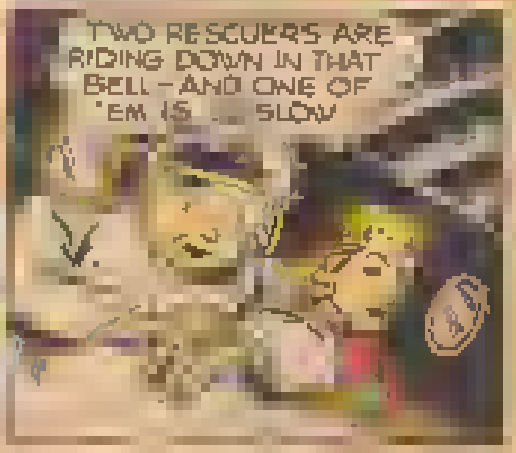

NOW I'M - ALONE - IN THE ENGINE ROOM - GOT THE - LAST FLASK - OF OXYGEN - ALL TO MYSELF!

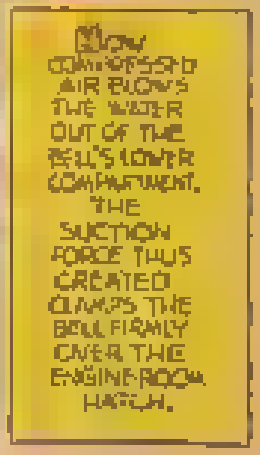

THE FOOLS - FELL FOR THAT LIE - ABOUT EMERGENCY HATCH - - SOON THEY'LL SUFFOCATE - BUT I'LL LIVE - 'TIL RESCUE COMES!


AND WHEN - I'M BROUGHT TO TRIAL - AND COOK UP A FAKE STORY - WELL DEAD MEN - TE L NO TALES


LOOK, JESSIE, THERE GOES THE DIVING BELL. THEY MUST HAVE FOUND SOMEONE DOWN IN THAT SUBMARINE ALIVE


MOVING SLOWLY DOWN ITS CABLE THE HEAVY MACHINE FINALLY HITS THE SUBMARINE'S DECK


TWO RESCUERS ARE RIDING DOWN IN THAT BELL - AND ONE OF 'EM IS ... SLOW


NOW COMPRESSED AIR BLOWS THE WATER OUT OF THE BELL'S LOWER COMPARTMENT. THE SUCTION FORCE THUS CREATED CLAMPS THE BELL FIRMLY OVER THE ENGINE-ROOM HATCH.

SMOKEY STOVER

AIR CONDITIONED BY THE BILL HOGMAN MICROPHONIES

HOLY FOO! - THIS IS AWFUL! THEY'RE GONNA TAKE AWAY MY RADIO IF I DON'T MAKE THE FINAL PAYMENT WITHIN AN HOUR!

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

TOP HAT WHITE TIE & FOOS

THAT SET COST ME $138.00 - IT'D BREAK MY HEART TO LOSE IT AFTER SINKING ALL THAT DOUGH IN IT!!

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING FOO!!

I'M IN A JAM, SMOKEY - I'VE GOTTA RAISE TEN BUCKS RIGHT AWAY AND YOU GOTTA HELP ME!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, LOLLY? YOU LOOK LIKE A SOFT DRINK BOTTLE THAT JUST LOST ITS POP!!

RELAX, CHIEF - LEAVE IT TO ME - I'LL HAVE YOUR TEN BUCKS IN NO TIME!

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS FOOS

HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, DEAR - I NEVER FAILED YOU YET!

BOY - YOU'RE A PAL - YOU SURE SAVED THE DAY - WHERE D'YOU GET IT?

I SOLD YOUR RADIO TO A TRAVELING SALESMAN WHO WAS JUST LEAVING TOWN!!

HATS & FOOS

IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE YOU CAN PLAY THE GAHOON!

9 OUT OF 10 PLAY IT IN TEN MINUTES

NOT A HUMMING TOY
NOT A WHISTLING GADGET

SOUNDS LIKE A SAXOPHONE

IT'S A REAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

IT'S A SENSATION AT PARTIES

GENUINE SAXOPHONE MOUTHPIECE GENUINE SAXOPHONE REED

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study—no lessons—no musical education—no reading of notes—no practice. Simply bend the mysterious tines and PLAY IT!

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening six parts, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. The shortening or lengthening of the tone column determines the tone, half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot, sweet," blues, soft, rhumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

PLAY SWING BOOGIE WOOGIE RUMBA

PLAYS "SWEET" PLAYS "HOT"

NOTHING MORE TO PAY Complete $1.00

BOYS! GIRLS!

[illegible]

MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT IN TEN MINUTES

The **GAHOON** is good for $1.00—a hundred times worth of fun and music. AND—$1.00 is NOT the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only and final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished with each **GAHOON**. Read them over. THEN if you do not play melody in 10 minutes, return the **GAHOON** and your $1.00 will be refunded at once, without quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first in your group to astonish friends with your musical talents. Delights and delights your friends with your musical skill. Send the coupon with $1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order.

MAIL TODAY

Gahoon Prod. Co., Dept. 910, 520 N. Mich. Ave. Chicago, Illinois.

Mail postage prepaid One Genuine E-Flat Aro **GAHOON**, with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten minutes. Enclose $1.00 in full payment and you agree to return this $1.00 if unable to be the slight the getting it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

GAHOON PROD. CO., Dept. 910, 520 N. Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill.